

ILLUSTRATED TALES TO BEWITCH & BEDEVIL YOU



VAMPIRELLA

SEE PAGE 15...

A WARREN MAGAZINE

POC

50¢



Propaganda

VAMPI'S FEARY TALES

CHEERIO VAMPIRIC VIXENS! YOU KNOW MOST OF THE CHARACTERS IN MY TALES CAN BE FOUND UNDER ANY FLAT ROCK AND THE FEARSOME FOLK IN THIS TALE ARE NO EXCEPTION! COME GET STONED WITH US AS WE SINK OUR FINKY FANGS INTO THIS HISTORIC HORROR ENTITLED...

THE SATANIC SISTERHOOD OF STONEHENGE!



FAR OUT ON A WINDSWEPT PLAIN IN ENGLAND LOOMS THE INCREDIBLY ANCIENT AND MYTH-SHROUDED RUIN KNOWN AS STONEHENGE! ANY CLEAR MEMORY OF THE ORIGIN OF STONEHENGE WAS LOST LONG BEFORE THE ROMAN ARMIES MARCHED THROUGH THE RITUAL ARRANGEMENT OF ITS GIGANTIC STONES.

THE 12TH CENTURY HISTORIAN, GEOFFERY OF MONMOUTH CLAIMED THAT BOTH, UTHER PENDRAGON

(KING ARTHUR) AND EMPORER CONSTANTINE WERE BURIED AT STONEHENGE!

LOST IN HISTORY, THIS IMPOSING CIRCLE OF CAREFULLY ARRANGED STONES WAS THE SCENE OF PRE-HISTORIC RITES PRESIDED OVER BY WITCH-WOMEN, WERE-CREATURES, WORSHIPERS ALL OF THAT BELIGERENT BLACKGUARD...

BEELZEBUB!!



VAMPIRELLA

PUBLISHER: JAMES WARREN **EDITOR:** BILL PARENTE **COVER:** FRANK FRAZETTA
ARTISTS THIS ISSUE: BILLY GRAHAM, JOHN FANTUCCHIO, JEFF JONES, MIKE ROYER,
JACK SPARLING, TOM SUTTON, TONY WILLIAMSUNE **WRITERS THIS ISSUE:** T. CASEY
BRENNAN, NICOLA CUTI, DON GLUT, AL HEWETSON, BILL PARENTE



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VAMPI'S



SCARLET LETTERS

HITTING ON ALL EIGHT

VAMPIRELLA beats CREEPY and EERIE eight ways from Sunday! Also, she is much prettier to look at than those two eech faces. Best of luck with the new magazine.

KENNETH D. CAPP
Lebanon, Mo.

AROUND THE EDGES

I felt like going back to my coffin and sulking all night. I had read that VAMPIRELLA was going to hit the stands on July 15 and since that day I have been going to the local pharmacy that carries CREEPY, EERIE and FAMOUS MONSTERS. But it was never there. Finally, one day I was sitting there drooling through my fangs when the magazine were delivered. I saw the edges of a magazine which looked like a Warren Publication. This must be it! I was so anxious, I helped them count, sort and put out all the magazines and comics just so I could get to it faster. Then, as I put my claws around it, I saw something that hit me like a stake through the heart. Number Two! I went into a rampage. I had all I could do to keep from biting the dealer. I was angry! Please start a back issue department. Quick. I was glad to see that Billy Graham was in that issue. He's great. By the way, what do you think of Uncle Creepy, Cousin Eerie and their mags?

JEFF POTTER
Warwick, R. I.

We have a back issue department. And if you're looking for issue #1, you'd better send us the coupon from this issue. Quick. The supply is running low. I've been too busy to take a good look at CREEPY and EERIE and the other competition. I'm sure they're good. As good as men can get.

"It's a miracle! I think you're beautiful!" "... not only Beautiful, but A-eautiful!"

ONE MAN'S OPINION

Attempting to avoid cliches, the next sentence is devoted to the greatness of your mag: In the opinion of myself, I truly believe that the artistic literature you are now making available to the public is of the highest quality and appeals to the point of highest solicitation to all of us enjoying a different experience in illustrated reading. In short, and with no more cliches, you're putting out a great mag. The artwork is excellent. The stories are excellent. The idea is excellent. After having seen the movie version of Barbarella, I was looking for an American version of the French comic strip. But after reading VAMPIRELLA, I decided I had found what I was looking for. This mag is really good. For the past four years, I have worked on stories of this type myself. I would be happy to do the same for your magazine.

ROBERT D. SHERBINO
Niles, Michigan



We'd be happy to publish some of your drawings on the new fan page.

GRADE A

I'm nearly speechless. I really loved VAMPIRELLA #3. Jack Sparling is a welcome addition to your—heh, heh—collection. The covers are not only Beautiful, but A-eautiful, too. I think I'm hooked. Or fanged. Whatever.

ANTHONY KOWALIK
Harvey, Ill.

GIRL CRAZY

I just finished reading VAMPIRELLA #3, and I must say it was fantastic. You had me worried with issue #2, though. I was afraid you might continue publishing stories like "Montezuma's Monster." That is, stories with no females in them. But getting back to issue #3, I found that my fears were unfounded. The only thing I missed in that issue was a story about you, the star of the magazine. By the way, I'd like to see more of your sister, Draculina.

ARTHUR L. FITZPATRICK
Lexington, Ky.

NOTHING SUCCEEDS LIKE...

I just noticed your "Scarlet Letters" column in issue #3. I usually have to go through a magazine at least five times before it starts to soak in. I have issues #2 and #3, but wasn't able to get the first one. Mainly because our local drug

store didn't carry it. Most likely I'll miss some others unless I get a subscription. By the way, in relation to Gary Insley's comment about your stories being "centered upon sex and not upon story and art value," I say: "What's the matter with that?" Your stories are quite good, and the artwork is above average. Actually, I believe one of the main reasons for Vampi's success is because they do draw emphasis on female anatomy. Who can argue with that? Is there any way to get a course on vampirism, lycanthropy and the like started in a school system that you know of? Also, how about a full-page, full-color back cover of VAMPIRELLA that can be used as a pin-up. All those in favor show their fangs.

MARK POOLE
Valley Station, Ky.

Courses in vampirism are hard to find and tough to get started. Most vampires I know came by their talents naturally.

CAMERAS SOMETIMES LIE

Thank you for printing my letter in your "Scarlet Letters" page. I realize, though, that this reduces my chances of ever having another printed there. I think it would be a good effect if you tinted the pages slightly with red ink, just enough to make the page glow, but keeping the type legible. In case your statement was more than rhetorical in answer to Linda Rothman's letter, I'll tell you why no image of your enchanting self appears on film when your picture is taken. As you know, the virus that causes vampirism is one that directs various body cells to absorb and utilize silver. The silver is used so much in the mental and electrochemical functions that its spectrograph is reversed and the intervention of any normal silver creates a cancellation of the properties (which paralyzes the vampire, by the way). Most photographic film is composed of some compound of silver. In fact, almost all commercial film has silver in its base. All you have to do is obtain a camera that utilises either plates or a film with a cesium base. With that type of process, you will have an image when attempting to photograph vampires. In disagreement with Don Doerling's opinion: What's wrong with vampire girls? I think they're the best!

GARY INSLEY
Springfield, Ohio

MIRACLE CURE

I think that it is a miracle that I have begun to think you are beautiful. Until now, I never thought girls in the comics were too pretty. Now I've changed my mind.

MICHAEL TODD
Tokyo, Japan

THIRD DEGREE

I really dig your new magazine. I read the warnings in the other Warren Magazines, but I never really expected anything this good. When I saw the first issue on the newsstand, the man gave me the third degree when I tried to buy it. He thought it was a Playboy Magazine or something. I knew I didn't want to go through that again, so I immediately subscribed to your great mag. All I can say is keep up the good work. By the way, Vampi, do you have any other relatives besides your cousin Evi? Whatever became of your parents?

MICHAEL P. PAUMGARDHEN
New York, N.Y.



I have a sister, Draculina, who lives with my parents back on the planet Drakulon.

TURNED ON

VAMPIRELLA really turns me on! It's the greatest thing that's happened to the so-called "comic" magazines since the invention of girls. The whole mag is, incredibly, a combination of CREEPY and PLAYBOY! Issue #3 was a real landmark in the history of the comics. Not since the early days of CREEPY and EERIE has such high-quality horror graced the pages of a pictorial magazine. And it's all new. Not a reprint yet! It seems that Billy Graham, in particular is the most multi-talented. He came through with the best art and the best story in a great magazine. Can he ever draw girls! Wow! Egads, I'd love to meet the girls you use for models! This is the best part of the magazine. I'm hoping for a long history to VAMPIRELLA, the first emancipated comic book.

BRUCE HALLENBECK
Valatie, N.Y.

BEFORE GOING ON to more Scarlet Letters, take a minute to write one of your own. Then send it to:

Scarlet Letters
22 E. 42d Street
New York, N.Y. 10017

"Greatest thing since the invention of girls."

"I'd like to be president of the club."

THE ENEMY

Yes, Vampirella, they really are that bad! What? Those cheap imitation horror magazines flooding the market, of course. Get rid of them! Maybe through a legality. Or otherwise. I'll leave the otherwise up to you, Vampi. Heh, Heh. I'll tell you this much: I never knew EC, but I hear they were pretty good while they lasted. Finally they were rejected along with the cheap imitations. You're good. While you last. Maybe you can do something.

ANTHONY KOWALIK
Harvey, Ill.



Maybe you can do something. Stop buying those cheap imitations.

HIGH QUALITY GIRLS AND GHOULS

You're a doll! I agree with all the Scarlet Scribblers in issue #3 who will bank their blood on your mag if the artwork stays superb. Also, though I know you're troubled by reflections, I want your pin-up. Judging by your writing admirers, your appeal is three-

fold: some like girls, some like ghouls, some like high-quality drawing and stories. I vote as follows: Showed most curves—"Vampirella of Drakulon" issue #1. Best artwork—"Rhapsody in Red" issue #2. Most punchy plot—"Lucy Fuhr" issue #3. I sympathize with readers who want to see more of you personally, but that's a delicate problem. Cousin Evily is great! She's charming, sexy and conscientiously devoted to evil causes. She's served by like likes of ogre, toad, imp, gnome and troll. She bleeds for the living, but casts spells to raise the dead. Now, Lucy Fuhr, I guess, won't be appearing again. (And you expect the Devil to play fair?) As for yourself, you've got a playful quality that's rather important. A man doesn't mind bleeding a little, but you've got to be a helpmate, too. Your comments on good and evil could be helpful. I disagree with anyone who finds Camp in your magazine. Your magazine is quite scary. As for monsters and ghosts—well, I've never met one personally.

ROBERT INNOT
Columbus, Ohio

ANOTHER CRAZY HOUSEWIFE

I'm just a crazy housewife who adores your creative book. Your artists are absolutely fantastical with their fantastic, futuristic, freaked-out fantasies. I really wish I had a figure like Vampi! My hubby is happy to know I'm making an outfit just like hers. I hope you don't mind. Would you believe I super up my cars and I'm a very fast driver? But only on drag strips. I have a perfect driving record. I can't tell you how great the drawings in VAMPIRELLA are. My hubby thinks she's a real doll.

KAT VICSICK
Mashpec, Mass.



After you've made that costume, send us your picture and we'll print it.

ANOTHER STUDENT

I've been taking vampirism for months now. Every time I try to get off a good bite, I miss the neck and hit the shoulders. I've got enough troubles fighting off stake-happy nuts. I don't want to starve to death. Please help

me improve my aim. I'm desperate.

DAVID DAVIS
Springfield, Mass.


Practice makes perfect. Try finding victims with longer necks until you get the hang of it.

PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE

I would like to become a member of the VAMPIRELLA fan club. If you don't have one, I'd like to start one. I really adore Vampi very much. I would like to be President of the club, and once a year, on Vampi's birthday, we could have a big party. When is her birthday? I am 15, and go to school in the Bronx. I have a twin sister named Takatto. We look exactly alike. Maybe I'll send you our picture.

ELAINE GRAVES
Bronx, N.Y.


I don't know when my birthday is. All the records are back on Drakulon. Please send us your picture. We want to start printing photos of some of our fans. Especially fans who are running for president of our fan club!



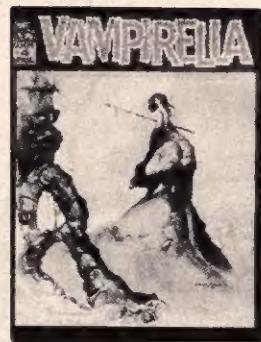
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SO YOU THINK I'M BEING A LITTLE **CRYPTIC** WITH A TITLE LIKE
THAT, EH? WELL **COOL IT** CAT LOVERS, 'CAUSE THIS **TAIL'S**
RIGHT UP YOUR **ALLEY!** **DIG** A LITTLE **DEEPER** - YOU NEVER
KNOW WHAT YOU MIGHT **PAW UP!**



ALL
LIFE

OLD
WITCH...

O COME NOW
JACK. OLD WITCH
....HEAVENS!
WHY DON'T YOU
LIKE HER!?

I DIDN'T SAY I DIDN'T
LIKE HER MY FRIEND...
I SIMPLY SAID SHE WAS
AN **OLD WITCH**!

SHE'S MY **AUNT**
YOU KNOW...ONLY
LIVING RELATIVE!
AND HERE I AM
STRUGGLING
AWAY AND SHE'S
LOADED WITH
MONEY!

WON'T GIVE ME A RED
CENT- NOT A **BRASS**
KNUCKLE! BUT NOT
FOR LONG...NO SIR!
NOT BY A
LOCOONG SHOT...

YES, I IMAGINE
SHE WOULD BE





AUUNNN...I
.....I'M SORRY!
I'VE BEEN....

I'VE BEEN A REAL
BAD **SORT**. I'VE FOUND
MYSELF IN TROUBLE AND
....I WANT TO APOLOGIZE
....I WANT TO...

I NEED YOUR
HELP AUNT....I...
OH HELP ME
...HELP ME!

ALRIGHT JACK...ALRIGHT
BOY...IT'LL BE ALRIGHT!
JUST RELAX! DON'T WORRY
...AUNT PEARL WILL TAKE
GOOD CARE OF YOU!



SHE'S IN FOR A BIT OF A SURPRISE
THOUGH... HA-HA-HA! IF I
MOVE QUICKLY ENOUGH,
I CAN WORK MYSELF INTO HER
WILL...

THE OLD
FOOL!

...AND THERE ARE
MANY WAYS A WOMAN
OF HER AGE... CAN
DIE!

HAHAHA

LAUGH JACK TALMADGE, LAUGH WELL
...AND HARD...BUT BEST DO IT NOW...
FOR YOU MAY NOT HAVE A CHANCE LATER
ON! THERE ARE EYES WATCHING...
WAITING...IN THE DARK! AND
THEY'RE WAITING FOR
YOU!



WELL...WE MUST GIVE
CREDIT WHERE CREDIT
IS DUE...JACK WORKED
HARD...HARD AT HIS EVIL
PLANS!
AT WORKING HIS WAY INTO
THE OLD WOMAN'S HEART!
HE LIVED A GOOD LIFE...
FOR ONCE...BUT ONLY...
ONLY ON THE SURFACE!
BUT ALWAYS, ALWAYS
UNDER THEIR CONSTANT
EYES



AND JACK THEREFORE
IS TO BE MY SOLE
BENEFICIARY!

I CAN'T SAY I
ENTIRELY AGREE
WITH YOU..BUT IT IS
YOUR WILL...YOUR
MONEY!

I USUALLY
RESPECT YOUR
ADVICE, BUT HE'S
MY ONLY RELATIVE!

WELL IF THAT'S
YOUR REASON
...I MUST
RESPECT IT!

..THEN THE TIME...
**HAS
COME!!**

WELL AUNT... DID
YOU DO AS YOU
PROMISED... DID
YOU TAKE CARE
OF 'OUR LITTLE
MATTER'?

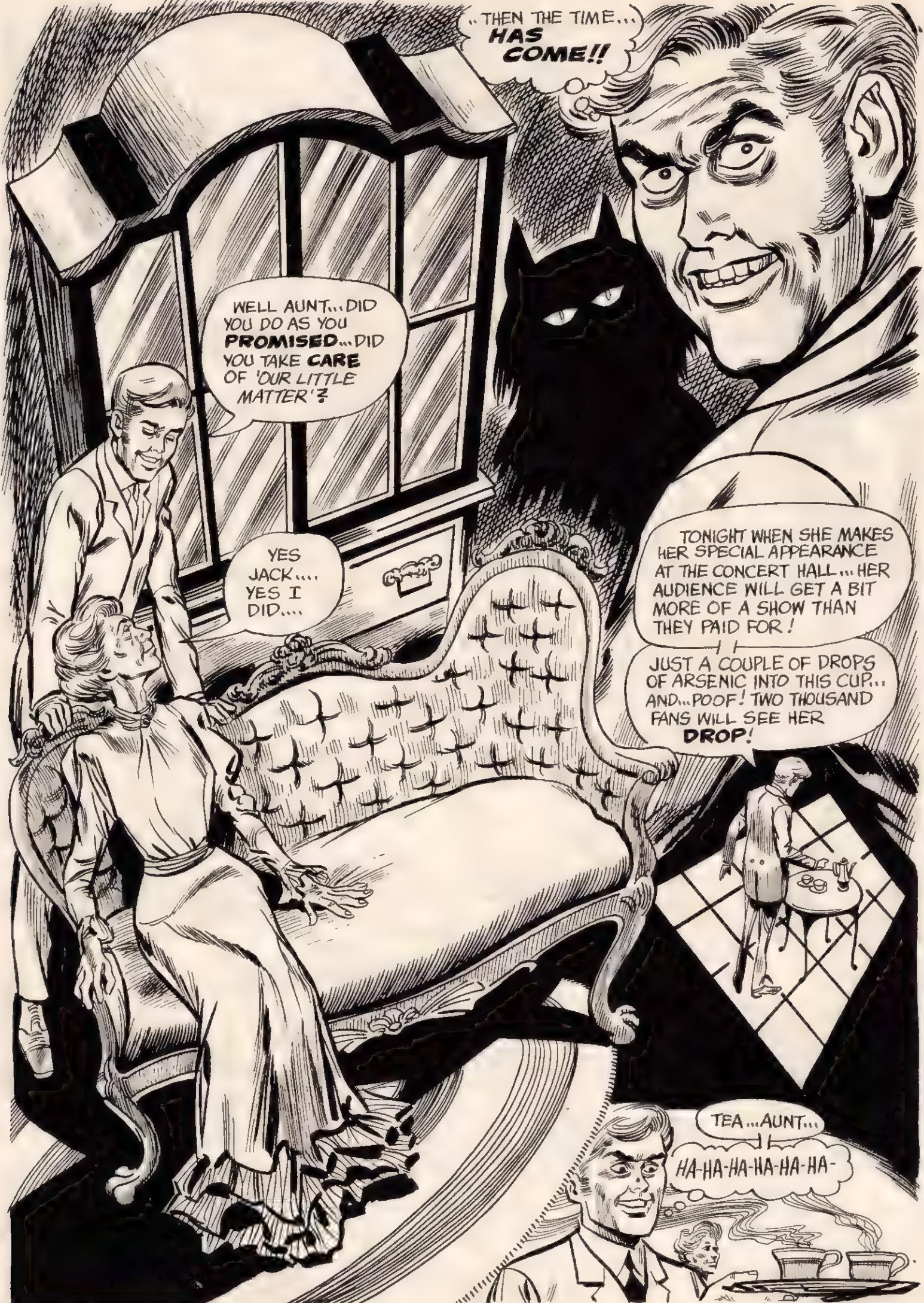
YES
JACK....
YES I
DID....

TONIGHT WHEN SHE MAKES
HER SPECIAL APPEARANCE
AT THE CONCERT HALL... HER
AUDIENCE WILL GET A BIT
MORE OF A SHOW THAN
THEY PAID FOR!

JUST A COUPLE OF DROPS
OF ARSENIC INTO THIS CUP...
AND... POOF! TWO THOUSAND
FANS WILL SEE HER
DROP!

TEA... AUNT...

HA-HA-HA-HA-HA-HA



THERE SHE IS... SINGING AWAY
...LIKE IT WAS HER **LAST**
PERFORMANCE

WELL....
IT IS !!



...SHE'S
FALTERING...

BUT NOT SO
FAST... NOT SO
FAST... OUR CAT
HAS **9 LIVES**!

DONE!
WHAT?



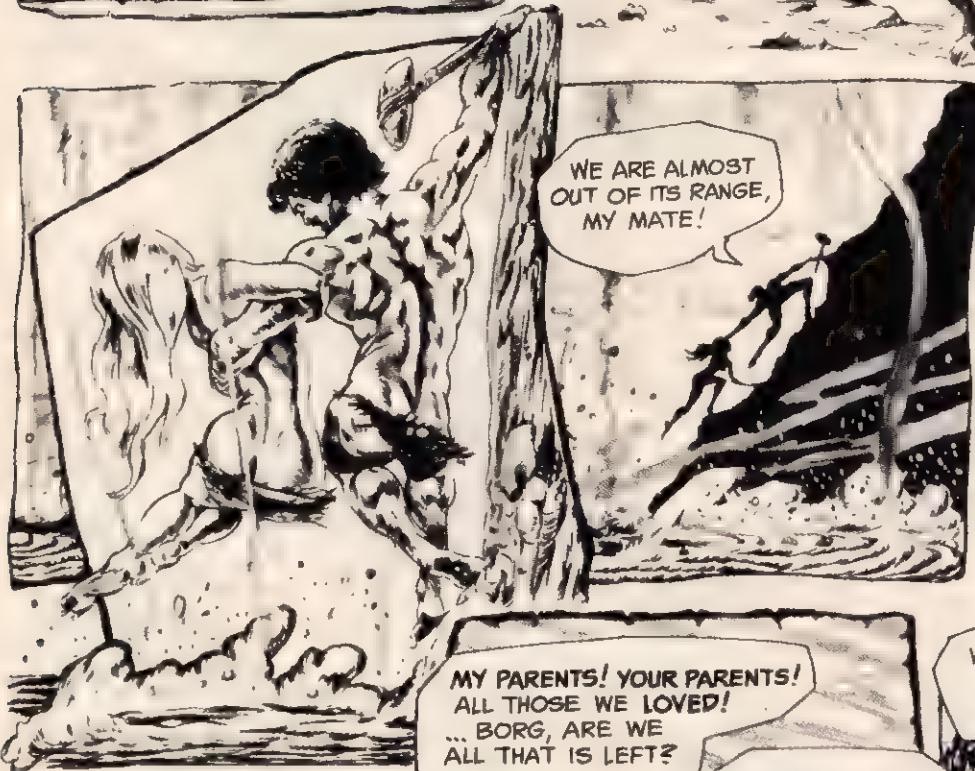


TIS THAT TIME OF YEAR AGAIN, GANG, FOR SETTING BACK OUR CLOCKS! ONLY THIS TIME, LET'S GO BEYOND THE STANDARD ONE-HOUR SETBACK, AND SPLIT TO A MILLION OR SO YEARS B.C.



THE AGONIZING CRY OF MAMMOTH TRAPPED IN THE SEARING FURY OF MOLTEN LAVA, RESOUNDED ACROSS THE LAND.

AND IN THAT MOMENT WHEN THE EARTH BELCHES HER SCALDING ENTRAILS UPON HER CREATURES... TWO HUMAN FIGURES FLEE FOR THEIR LIVES...



THE EARTH HAS SETTLED... FOR THE PRESENT
THE THREAT OF VOLCANIC WRATH HAS ENDED.
A FRESH DAWN BATHES THE GREAT PLAINS IN
ORANGE LIGHT... WARM LIGHT THAT THE
SURVIVORS WELCOME...

A WORLD AWAITS US, KAND!
A WORLD OF DEATH, AND OF LIFE!
WE MUST BOTH BE BRAVE!

I WILL BE BRAVE,
AS LONG AS YOU ARE
AT MY SIDE!

WE MUST FIND A NEW CAVE!
ONE THAT WILL PROVIDE
US WITH SHELTER!

BORG, WAIT!
... THAT SOUND...?

IT'S THE THREE-HORN!
OH... BORG... IT'S
SEEN US!!

FASTER! FASTER, KAND!

I... I AM TRYING!

WEEEEEEUUUMMMNNK!

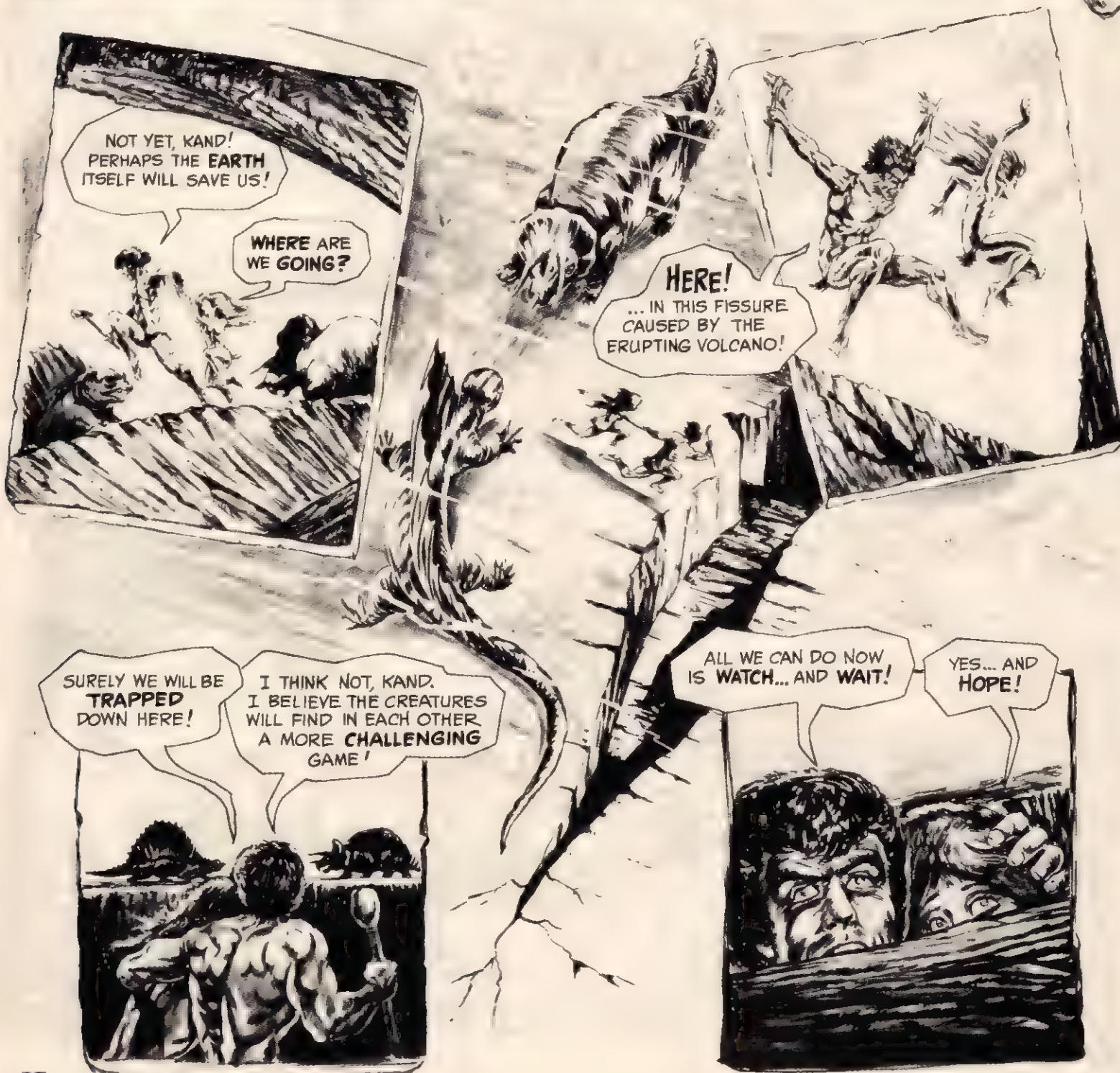
UHFFF!
GO ON BORG!
... BY YOURSELF!

KAND! NO!

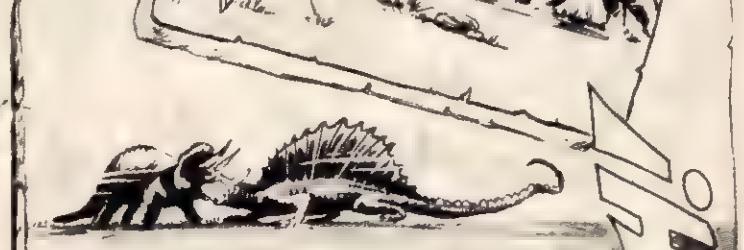
NO... I CAN
STAND!

WAIT!
WE CAN NO LONGER
GO THAT WAY!

YOUR FOOT IS NOT BROKEN!
YOU **MUST** GET UP! OR I SHALL
HAVE TO CARRY YOU
AGAIN!



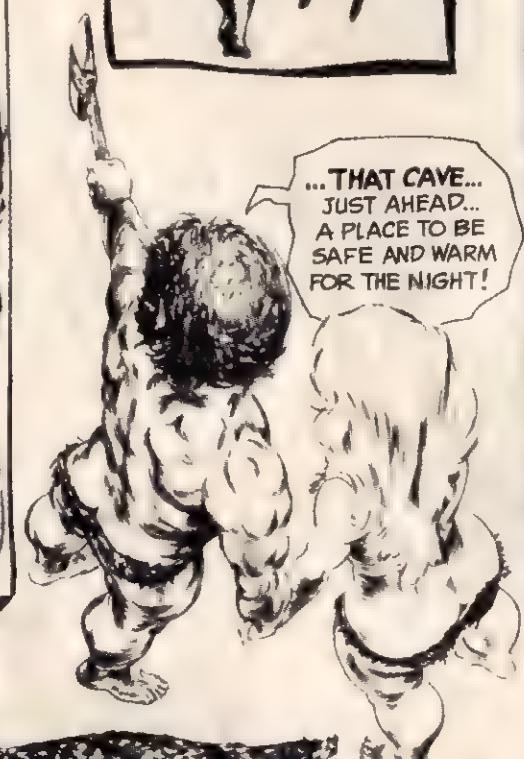
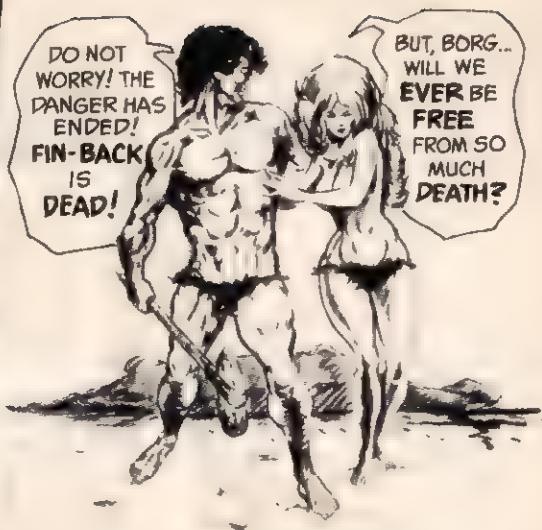
THE VERY EARTH BEGINS TO TREMBLE
BENEATH THE WEIGHT OF THE TWO
REPTILES! AND ALL THE SOUNDS OF
NATURE ARE DROWNED OUT BY THE
GUTTERAL ROARS OF SAVAGE LIFE!
FOR A MOMENT, THE TWO CREATURES
EYE EACH OTHER... AND THEN...



STAY CLOSE TO ME!
IT SHALL SOON
BE OVER!



QUICKLY NOW, BEFORE
THE MONSTER CAN REGAIN
STRENGTH FOR ANOTHER
ATTACK!



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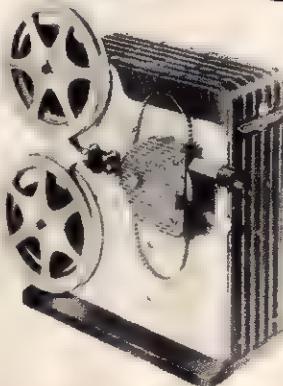
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FILL YOUR EYES WITH WONDER, EH? AND YOUR EARS WITH THUNDER; AND IF THINGS ARE GETTING A BIT DULL, LOOK AROUND -- MAYBE YOU TOO HAVE...

AN AXE TO GRIND

SOMETIMES WHEN A STORM TAKES UP ITS SKIRTS AND MOVES DOWN ACROSS THE LAND, IT BRINGS WITH IT WHISPERS OF DRAMAS IT HAS SEEN. IF YOU CLOSE YOUR EYES TIGHTLY AND REACH OUT TO THE WIND YOU MAY JUST CATCH THE FLASH OF SOMETHING...



STELLA SOLD LIGHTNING RODS,
NOT SO STRANGE IN THIS AGE
OF SUFFRAGE-- AND THE
ROOF OF THE HOUSE STANDING
AGAINST THE SKY WAS NAKED
TO THE BUILDING STORM.

WHAT A PLACE! JUST LOOK AT
THAT. NEEDS ONE OF MY BEST!

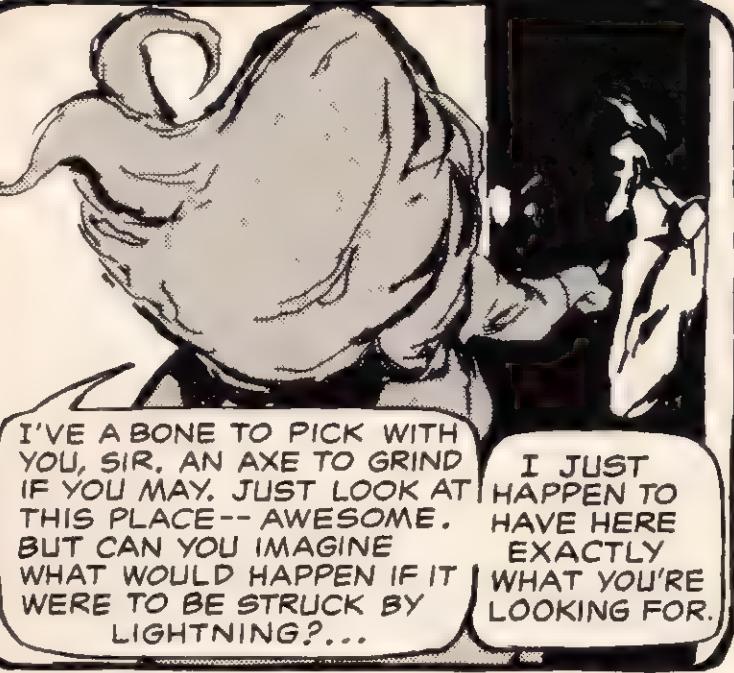
THE SKY, CHOKED WITH GLOOM, BEGAN
TO COUGH OUT ITS ILLNESS.

WHAT A PLACE!

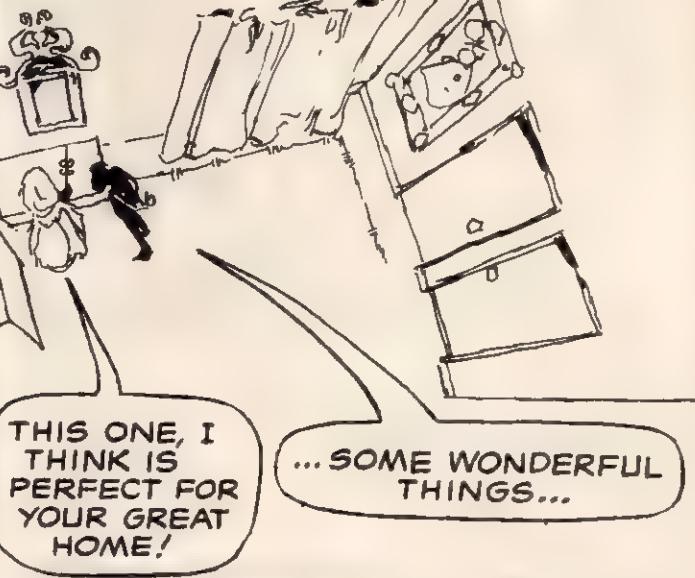
THOCK! THOCK!

THOCK! THOCK! THOCK!

YES, YES?



HERE, LOOK
AT SOME OF
MY BEAUTIFUL
THINGS!



OOH.. MOAN
INN.

WHAT'S
THAT!

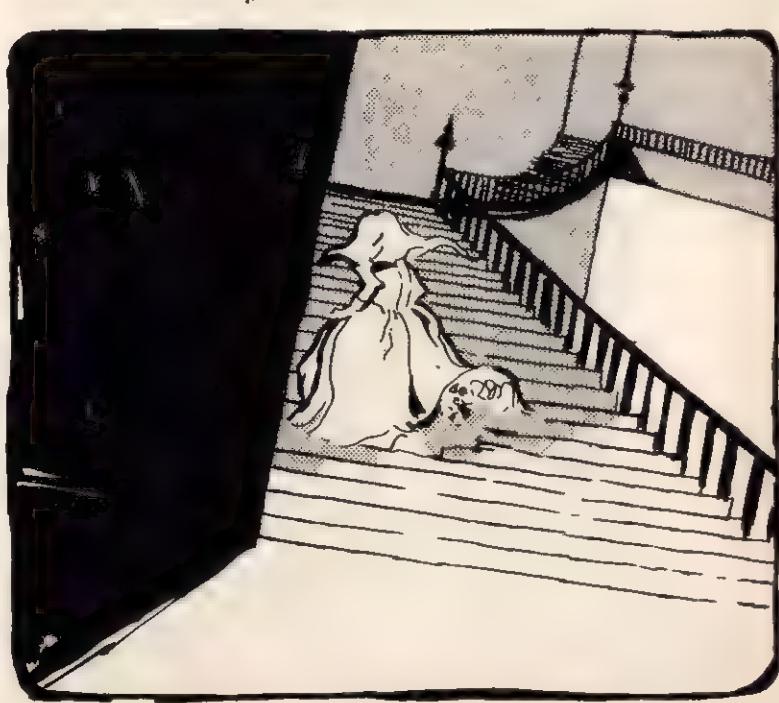
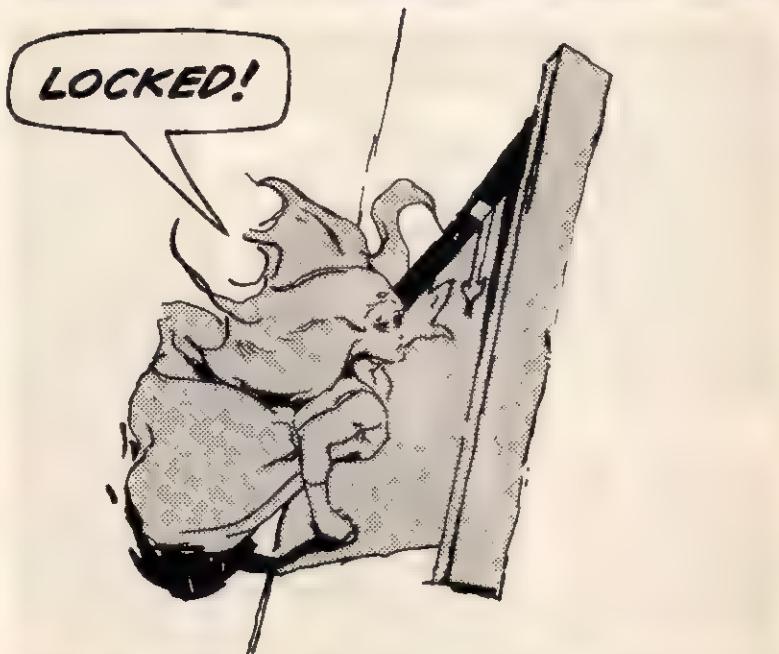
NOTHING...
NOTHING
AT ALL!

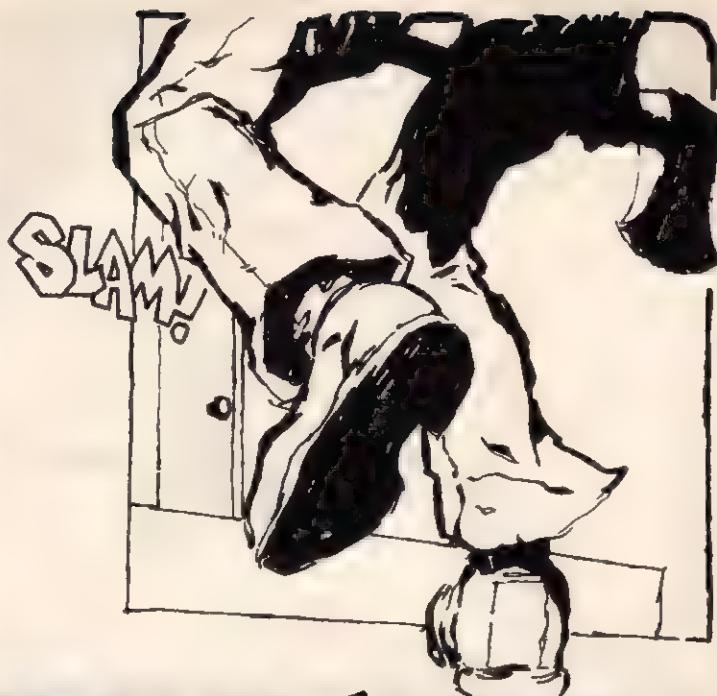
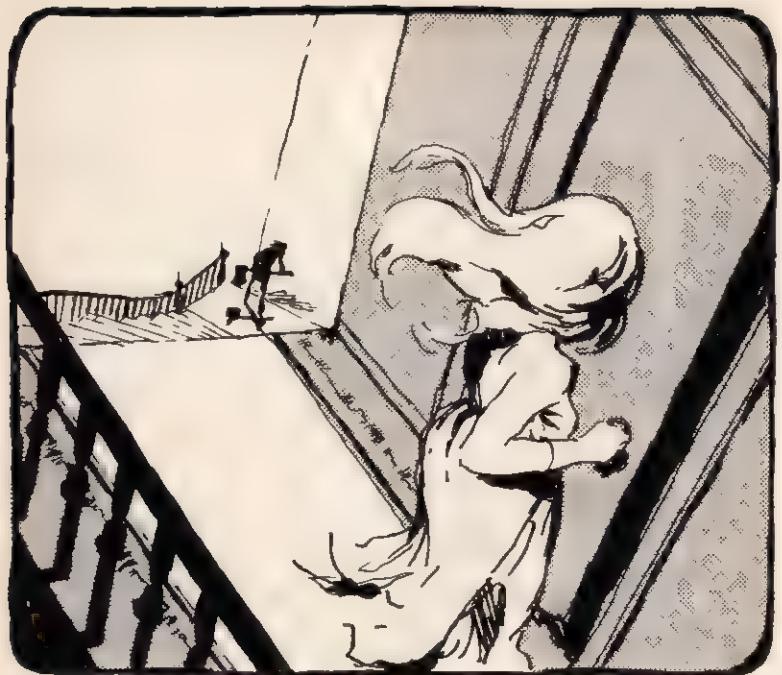
SIT DOWN,
SIT DOWN.
PLEASE, A
MINUTE. I
TOO HAVE
AN AXE TO
GRIND.

OOHHHHH
WHIRR
OOOOOHHH..
RRRRR...

IT... IT SOUNDS HUMAN.

WHAT'S DOWN THERE?







WELL, FRIENDS, HOW IS THAT FOR A **STRIKING** FINISH!



From the look of our mail these days, a whole lot of people are carrying a torch for **VAMPIRELLA**. Anthony Kowalik, of Harvey, Ill. is one of them. That's why he thought "Vampi's Flames" would make a perfect name for our Fan Club page. We agree. So "Flames" it is from now on.



ANTHONY KOWALIK
Torchbearer number one

Some of the brightest notes Vampi has gotten are from fans who say Billy Graham's art is the best they've seen. There's another Billy Graham story, "Scaly Death," in this issue. And to launch our new name with style, here's the way he tells his life story . . .

MAIL CLERK MAKES GOOD

"I was pulled into the world on the first day of July in 1935 in New York City. It seems I have been drawing ever since. From the time I could tell the difference between a crayon and a pencil, I was scribbling on anything I could get my hands on . . . paper, cardboard, walls, telephone poles, automobiles. I called it artwork. Some others called it a 'mess.'

"When they marched me off to kindergarten at P.S. 194 in Manhattan, I began playing havoc with the New York City School System. Corridor walls were in real trouble when I came along. My markings appeared on doors, windows, poles, even people's coats and faces.

"In 1946, I entered a poster contest in a 'Keep New York City Clean' drive (imagine me urging people to keep the city clean!) and won first prize over all the other elementary schools in the city. After they took away

my crayons and hustled me out into the world on graduation, I bombarded junior high with a new weapon—the paintbrush. After just one year in the Frederick Douglas Junior High School, they kicked me into the High School of Music and Art. For four full years, they tried to train me in the proper use of the artist's materials. And the training seemed to work. Because after High School, I landed a job with E. C. Comics as a mail clerk. Soon after, I worked my way up to janitor of E. C.'s offices, then Bill Gaines gave me a few tough assignments as an apprentice cartoonist. I got to pencil some balloons and borders. Then came my first big break. I got to do a rejected story by Al Williamson. I did it, and got rejected.

"From that moment, I was destined to follow in the footsteps of a failure. But as Al went forward, I went backwards. I tried again. When I failed a second time, I joined the Navy. For four years I swabbed decks, pounded a typewriter, tried to learn how to swim and scribbled on the bulkheads. Then they made me paint the bulkheads. And the passageways. And the doors. And anything else that wasn't moving.

"At the end of those honorable years of serving my country, I found odd jobs at various polka-dot factories. I painted big spots. I painted

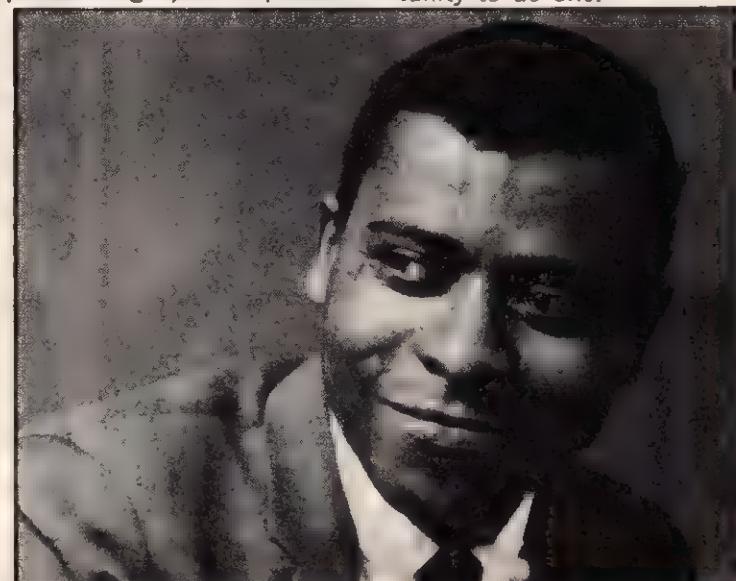
little spots. Then I got tired of seeing spots, and went back to school.

"The School of Visual Arts accepted me right away when I took their entrance test. They made me a clerk in their mailroom. In the basement. I worked my way up to school messenger. Finally, when the G.I. Bill checks began arriving, I began a cartooning course under the expert guidance of Mr. Burne Hogarth, whom I admire greatly.

"After two years at Visual Arts, I began working for various studios and agencies. I had also taken courses in the field of commercial art. During this time, I created several designs for toys which were manufactured and heavily advertised on television. Between toy designing and doing spot illustrations (real cartoons, I'd had my fill of polka dots!) I began writing and illustrating stories in hopes of finding a publisher silly enough to buy them. Warren Publishing Company bought one. They were even foolish enough to ask for more.

"Now, if they'd only give me a job in the mailroom, my career would be complete!

"One of my major ambitions has been to do magazine cover illustrations. Perhaps if Warren doesn't have a mailroom opening, they will give me an opportunity to do one.



BILLY GRAHAM

Scribbler, polka-dot painter, mail clerk. Now looking for a new assignment either in Warren's mailroom or on Warren's covers.

"Ever since the early days of comics, I dreamed of illustrating one particular scene from a story. My favorite has always been a western which I wrote, but has long since been buried in the back of my mind. After drooling over the styles of the greats in comic illustrations, I have been most influenced by the works of Al Williamson and Frank Frazetta.

"It was a hobby of mine to collect comics dating back to the early forties. But, unfortunately, my whole collection was destroyed in a fire. But my collection today is in better shape than ever. All I have are CREEPY, EERIE and VAMPIRELLA. Which I am proud to be associated with."

When he delivered his biography, Billy warned us it was a sad story. But it didn't sound so sad after all, did it? Except for the fact there are no openings in the Warren mailroom.

Here's a story that came with the warning that it was a "sorrowful" one. See what you think. It was written by a Canadian fan, John Pitts of New Glasgow, Nova Scotia.

THE SORROWFUL HOUNDS

The sleepy town of Boredville had always protected its drowsy reputation with a local ordinance against roosters crowing, dogs barking and geese honking between the hours of 9:00 in the evening and 8:00 in the morning. Everyone for miles around heartily approved of the law. Except Fritz Gorman, the town constable. Every evening at the appointed hour he began hunting for the sounds of night, for it was his job to enforce this so-called "law of silence."

His method was the only one approved by the town council. The council would sooner protect a beast than a mere human, and was quite easy on unlawful animals. Fritz's instructions were to "capture the offending canine or fowl as gently as possible." After the capture was made, Fritz was forced to hold the offender until the following day when it was his duty to track down the owner who would "inspect the health of his property and pay a fine of one dollar." Of-

fenders were plentiful, and Fritz's job was endless.

Common gossip had it that although this gray, weasle-faced man was unusually well-suited to his duties, he complained daily to the members of the council about their restriction against using violent methods in making his nightly arrests.

"Now, sir, ya mus' see that ma job is hopeless. Night in an' night out I goes out to find varmints, mostly dawgs, jes' as noisy as ever." was Fritz's constant squealing plea.

"Now, Fritz" was their reply, "this is a long-standing law that the majority wants enforced. As public servants, we're duty-bound to uphold the law to the letter."

Almost any afternoon, you could find Fritz in the local saloon staring into a half-empty whiskey glass. He'd be clutching his trusty shotgun and thinking of his own methods of curing his two and four-legged headaches.

One day he decided to do something about it.

In Mayor Stedfast's home that fateful evening, His Honor's voice, in its best political tone, could be heard across the stagnant evening air. "I've struck a blow for the overworked people in our community. I'm trying a new way to lessen Fritz's burdensome nightly duties."

"What have you done, John?" queried his wife—not because she wanted to know, but because she realized the question was expected of her.

"I'm glad you asked me that," answered her husband. "You know, of course, that Fritz's main problem is the dogs that gather at the town dump and raise a ruckus. Well, we've arranged a little surprise for them tonight!"

Boom. When the blast snapped at the Mayor's ears, he rushed toward the dump, followed by a host of alert and curious citizens.

Near the entrance to the dump was the Mayor's secret weapon. A cardboard monster designed to suddenly appear when the slightest pressure was applied to a board placed across the path. On the board lay Fritz and a whiskey bottle. Both smashed and leaking mortally.

Death was apparently accidental. It was caused when Fritz was stalking up the path after some noisy dogs only to be terrified so much by the Mayor's trap that he fumbled the gun and blew himself apart.

During the funeral, in the cemetery near the town dump, a pack of sorrowful hounds wailed relentlessly in

grief over their departed playmate.

Poor Fritz! That's what he gets for fooling around with guns.

Now, if he had decided to forget his problems that night and had gone to the movies instead, he'd have been here to tell his own story. And all that blood wouldn't have been wasted.

Speaking of movies, James Perry of Philadelphia sent us a good story about a night at his local theater. They were showing a ...

DOUBLE FEATURE

It was just an ordinary Friday night. The wind was blowing and the leaves were scattered along the rain-drenched streets. In the distance you could hear the sound of rushing feet. Feet that were coming closer, closer, closer. It seemed as though the feet were almost upon you. Then you could hear the sound of voices. Loud voices, soft voices. Sad voices, happy voices. And those somewhat strange voices. Suddenly you realized what was going on.

It was the night they were showing the double feature all-horror show. Nearly half the town showed up because good movies don't come around that often. The town is too small to have a regular full-time theater.

Mr. Angert, owner of the bank, rented the films for the night. They were to be shown at the library.

Inside the library, everyone had settled down, waiting for the picture to begin. The lights dimmed and on the screen flashed the title of the first film. It was a picture about vampires. It lasted two

and a half hours.

Then the second film came on. The screen showed bright flashing lights for several minutes. There was something strange about those lights. You couldn't take your eyes off them.

Suddenly, the screen went blank.

On the stage stood a man dressed in a plain black suit. He began to speak.

"Ladies and gentlemen. I am glad you all came to our film show tonight. Allow me to come right to the point. None of you will leave this room in the same condition as when you arrived.

"By now, I am sure you have all realized that you are unable to move a muscle. This is because the lights that flashed on the screen a few moments ago have put you all in a deep hypnotic trance.

"I am a vampire. As you all know, I am sure, we vampires cannot live without human blood. Yours will last me a long long time."

A PAIN IN THE NECK

Ever since I arrived on this planet, people have been telling me how much better things were in the "good old days." I think things are pretty good right now. But every now and then I hear about some groovy leftover from the old days, and find myself wishing I had gotten here sooner.

For example, there was a report in the paper recently that just one Frenchman went to the guillotine in 1969. Four people had their heads handed to them in 1964. And only two in all the years in between.

They keep the guillotine in

a closet in a French prison. When the need arises, they take it out, put it together and put it to use. The blade is kept in a velvet-lined box called the "Justice Box." The frame it slips into is called the "widow."

This huge instrument of death was named for Joseph-Ignace Guillotin, a member of the French Parliament. He didn't invent the machine, nor did he build it. But he earned his place in history by crusading for equality in executions. He thought it was unfair that members of Royalty were executed by having their heads cut off on a nice velvet-covered chopping block; while the common people were being hanged.

The problem was, though, that commoners squirmed too much on the block, making the job too messy. So Dr. Guillotin proposed a "mechanical head-chopping machine" with a solid neck clamp.

The first one was built by Tobias Schmidt, a piano maker, in 1792. After a demonstration on three luckless corpses, Dr. Guillotine was satisfied. So were the people of France, who immediately named the machine in honor of its promoter.

In 1871, an economy wave cut all regional executioners out of the budget, and France was left with one portable guillotine and one executioner. He was known only as "Monsieur de Paris."

The best known "Monsieur de Paris" was Anatole Deibler, who separated 299 heads from their bodies. At one of his spectacular executions, 10,000 spectators came out to watch the master at work. It took 600 horsemen and 700 foot soldiers to hold the crowd back. Executions became private affairs after a particularly bad job in 1939. Due to a mechanical fault in the machine, the executioner had to drop the blade three times before the job was done.

The present executioner is Andre Obrecht, who built the present guillotine and who now owns it. But business isn't what it used to be, and Mr. Obrecht is forced to work in an automobile factory to make ends meet.

Mr. Obrecht is one of those people who keep longing for the "good old days." He says it's much tougher to get ahead than it once was.

Can you draw a good beast? Or bat? Or pretty girl? Can you tell a good story? You can? Share it with us! Send your creations to:

VAMPI'S FLAMES
22 East 42d Street
New York, N.Y. 10017



RICHARD CHARRON of Templeton, Quebec put a beast and a bat in this drawing of me. He didn't say what they're doing there.

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CLAMOR INTO YOUR ARMOR
FRIGHT NIGHTS, UNLOCK
YOUR SHOCK, DARING
DAMSELS, AND
LET'S WATCH A
WIZARD'S MAGIC
WEAVE A TALE...

...OF WOE AND WAIL! ALAS,
FRENZY FIENDS, TIS A
TEARFUL TALE-FUL TO
TELL YOU, BUT DON'T
FRET, THE HERO OF THIS
SONNET IS ABOUT TO BE...

REVENGE BY ZORAC

DUUNDERHEAD!

ARE YOU NOT CHARGED
WITH MY HORSE?

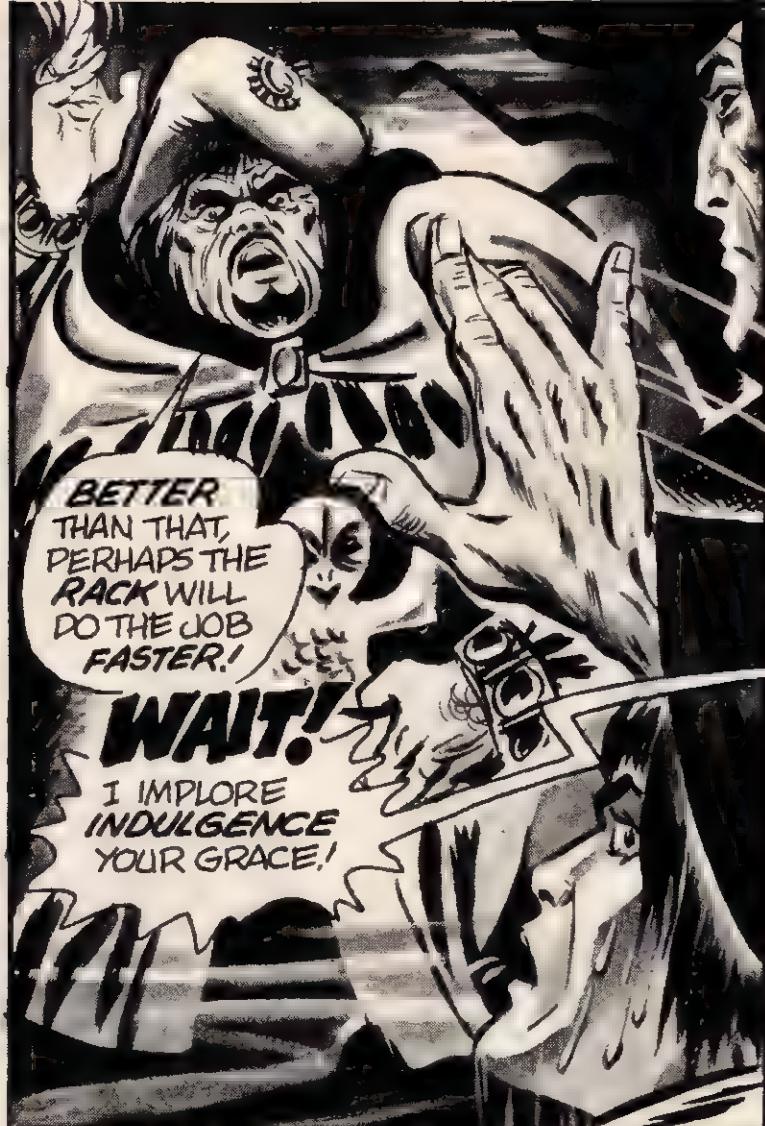
IT'S SADDLE
UNHITCHED AND
I NEARLY BROKE
MY NECK!

'TWAS NOT HIS
SERVANTS FAULT,
ZORAC, THE DUKE
IS UNFAIR!

TIS TRUE,
ELAINE, BUT THE
DUNGEONS ARE
RANK WITH MEN
WHOVE DISPLEASED
THE DUKE!

WAIT
HERE...

SMACK!





YOUR SIGN, YOUTH,
TELL ME YOUR
SIGN!

I CANNOT BE SURE,
GREAT WIZARD, TO
FAMILY OF LANCER, I
WAS BORN, THOMAS
SOME TWENTY
SUMMERS PAST!

A LEO, THEN!
YOU WILL MAKE
A FINE PUPIL!

PUPIL?

I WILL JOURNEY YOU THROUGH
THE THE SIGNS OF THE HEAVENS
SO THAT YOU WILL LEARN TO
CONTROL THE FATES, THROUGH
THE WHIMS OF THE STARS...

...YOU WILL LEARN ALL
THAT I HAVE LEARNED,
IN THE TRUTH OF MAGIC
YOU WILL LEARN ALL
THAT I KNOW!

AND AS THOMAS'S
MIND BEGAN,
THEN, TO DISCOVER,
SO DID THE
APPRENTICE'S
HEART!



YOU MUST KEEP YOUR MIND ON YOUR WORK, THOMAS!

THAT GIRL HARDLY KNOWS YOU EXIST!

DON'T BE FRIGHTENED, I... I KNEW YOU WOULD COME HERE, TONIGHT,



I REMEMBER YOU!

YOU ARE ZORAC'S SERVANT, HE SAVED YOU FROM THE RACK!

AND EACH NIGHT, THEREAFTER, TWO DESTINIES ENTWINED, THOMAS, THE LEO AND ELAINE, THE VERGO, TWO LOVERS, THE STARS UNITED.

OH THOMAS! WHY LOVE LIKE THIS WHEN WE KNOW WE CAN NEVER BE FREE!

WE WILL BE FREE, MY DARLING! TRUST THE STARS, THEY NEVER BETRAY THOSE WHO BELIEVE IN THEM!



I CANNOT HELP MYSELF, ZORAC, I SEE HER FACE EVERYWHERE!

HIS STUDENT!

AND BESIDES TEACHING ME THE STARS, HE HAS SHOWN ME THAT TONIGHT, OUR FATES HAVE COMBINED



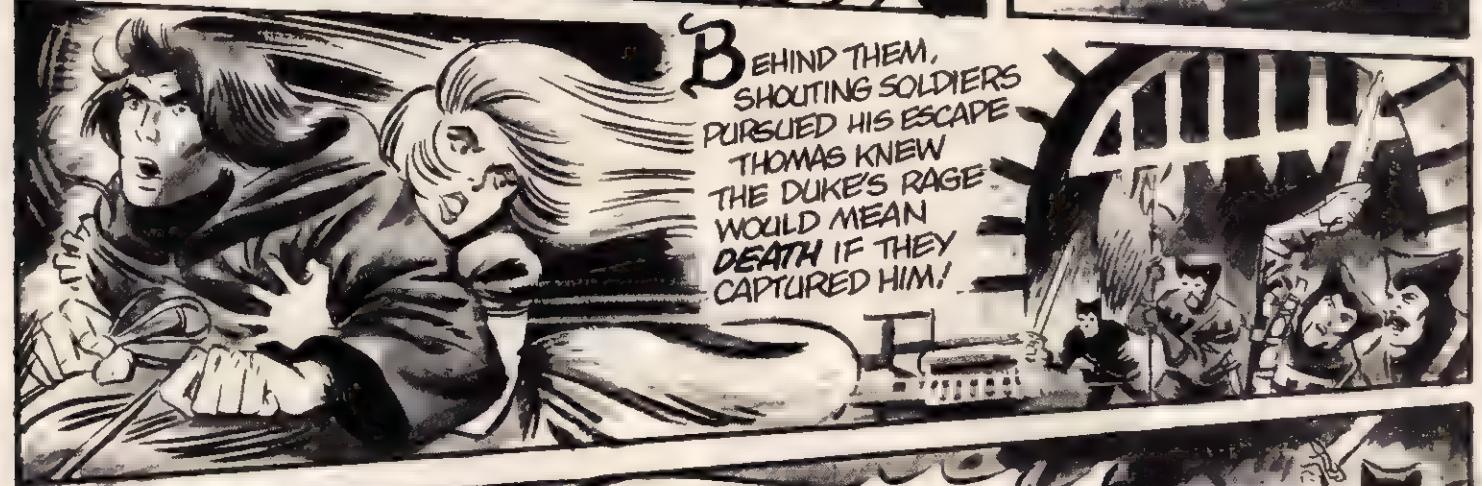
YET EVEN THE STARS SOMETIMES WENT OUT, AND WHEN THEY DID...

I HAVE WASTED ENOUGH TIME THINKING OF YOU, WENCH!

SUCH A FACE IS TOO DELICATE TO HIDE ITSELF HERE!



YOUR NAME, GIRL! WHAT IS YOUR NAME?





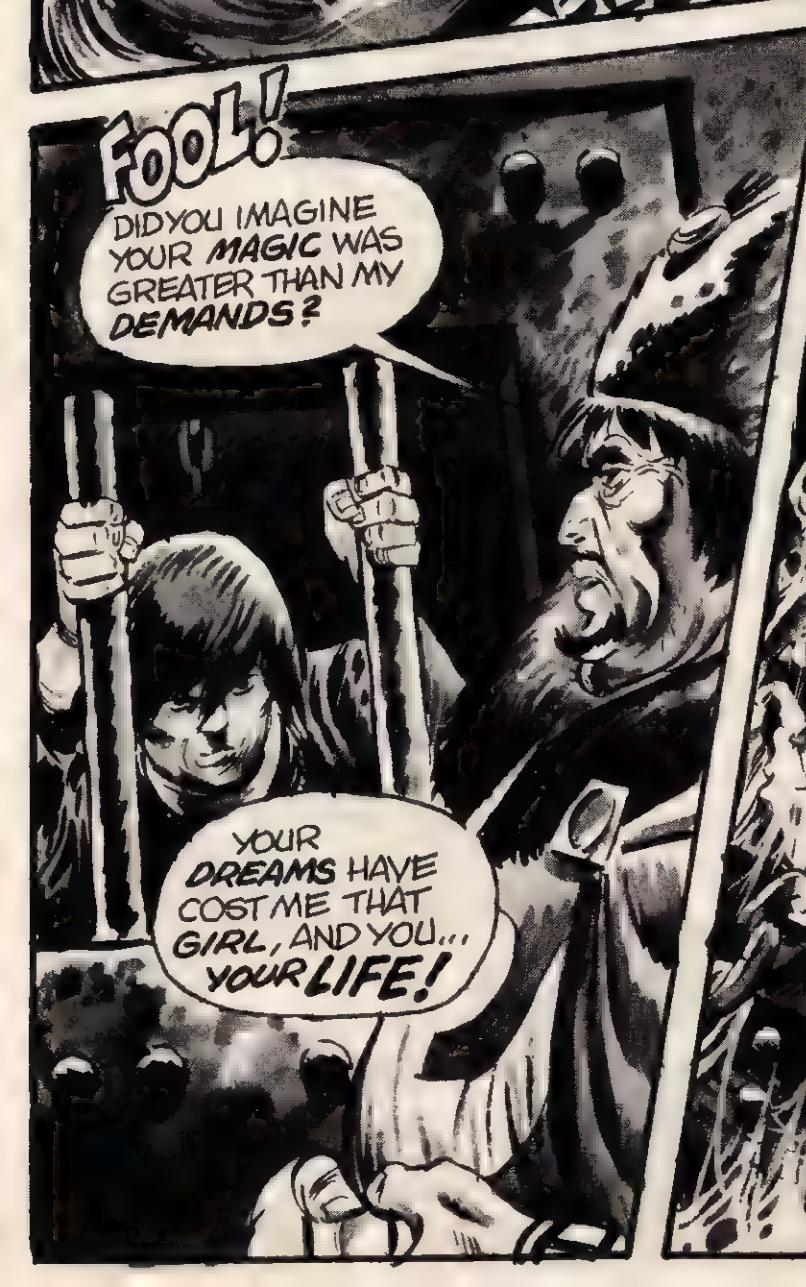
YOU'VE MURDERED HER!

HE MUST BE TAKEN, ALIVE!

DUKE WARWICK HAS COMMANDED IT!

SEEMS THIS LION-HEARTED FELLOW HAS LOST HIS CROWN!

TAKE HIM!



FOOL!

DID YOU IMAGINE YOUR MAGIC WAS GREATER THAN MY DEMANDS?



DID I NOT WARN YOU THIS WOULD HAPPEN, THOMAS?

AT SUNSET, THE HEADSMAN WILL CLAIM YOU... AND I AM HELPLESS!



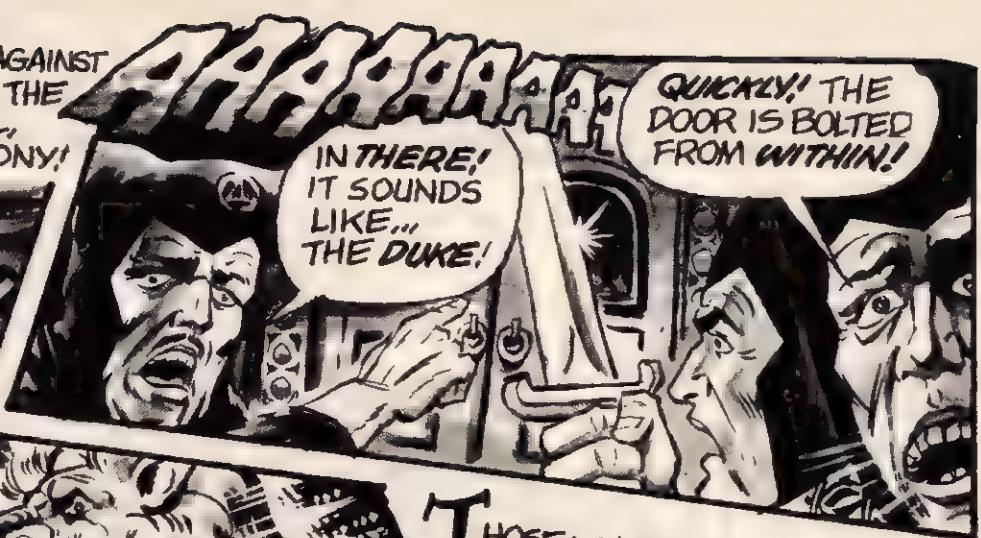
YOUR DREAMS HAVE COST ME THAT GIRL, AND YOU... YOUR LIFE!



MY LIFE MEANS NOTHING NOW, WIZARD. ONLY VENGEANCE FOR THE LIFE OF ELAINE!



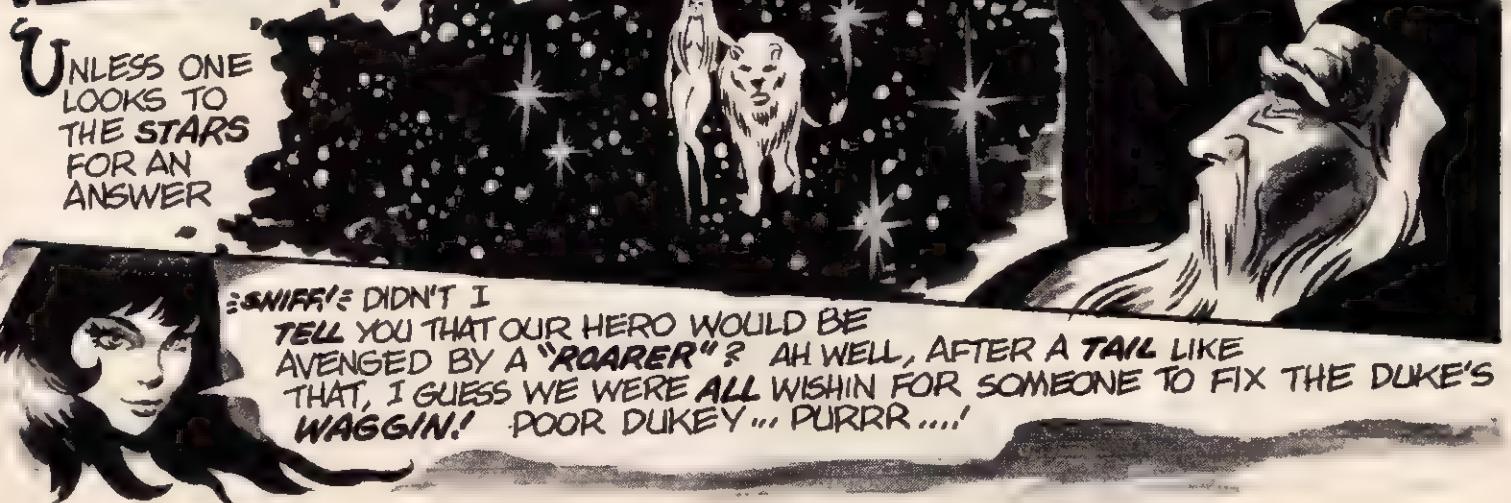
BEADS OF DAWN SPLASHED RED AGAINST
THE BLOOD STAINED BLOCK- IN THE
SILENT MORNING DEATH KNOll,
A SCREAM UNLOCKED ITS AGONY!



QUICKLY!! THE
DOOR IS BOLTED
FROM WITHIN!!



THOSE WHO KEPT THEIR SANITY
NEVER SPOKE OF THE INCIDENT
AGAIN. SUCH THINGS CAN
NEVER BE EXPLAINED...



UNLESS ONE
LOOKS TO
THE STARS
FOR AN
ANSWER

SNIFF! DIDN'T I
TELL YOU THAT OUR HERO WOULD BE
AVENGED BY A "ROARER"? AH WELL, AFTER A TAIL LIKE
THAT, I GUESS WE WERE ALL WISHIN FOR SOMEONE TO FIX THE DUKE'S
WAGGIN! POOR DUKEY... PURRR....!

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If you love GIANT SUPER PIN-UPS, send for these great goodies! The Frankenstein Poster (left) is a full 6 feet tall, for only \$2. All the rest of the posters on this page are $3\frac{1}{2}$ feet by $2\frac{1}{2}$ feet, for only \$1 each. All posters printed on heavy paper—perfect for any wall in your house!



CANDY



RAQUEL WELCH



THE HULK



SPIDERMAN



LEONARD NIMOY (STAR TREK)



WEREWOLF



DRACULA (LUGOSI)



BRIGITTE BARDOT



SHE

GIANT SUPER PIN-UPS: Please send me the super-giant pin-up poster indicated below. (The Frankenstein Poster is \$2.00 plus 39¢ postage and handling. All other posters are \$1.00 plus 39¢ postage and handling for each poster.)

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New York, N.Y. 10017

Pin-ups.....

HUNGRY? WELL, COME AN' GET IT BEFORE I THROWS IT AWAY!
THIS IS AN APPETIZING MORSEL ABOUT A DOLL THAT LOVES TO
SHOVEL DOWN THE GRAVE GRUB... 'CAUSE SHE'S A...

GHOUl GIRL

THERE SHE IS!

A GRAVE'S BEEN
ROBBED EVERY NIGHT
FOR THE PAST WEEK!

JA! HAD TO HAVE ITS NIGHTLY
MEAL! AND THIS IS THE ONLY
PLACE TO SERVE THE
GHOUl! COME ON
LET'S GET HER!!!

"GHOUl! GHOUl!" THE CRIES RING OUT THROUGH A REMOTE AREA OF TWENTIETH CENTURY GERMANY! THE SILENCE OF THE NIGHT IS SLASHED BY SOUNDS OF CRACKLING TORCHES, CLUBS WHISKING THROUGH THE NIGHT AIR! A FIEND HAD BEEN DISCOVERED WHILE PERFORMING AN OBSCENE ACT!

JOHN G.
FANTUCCHIO
1969

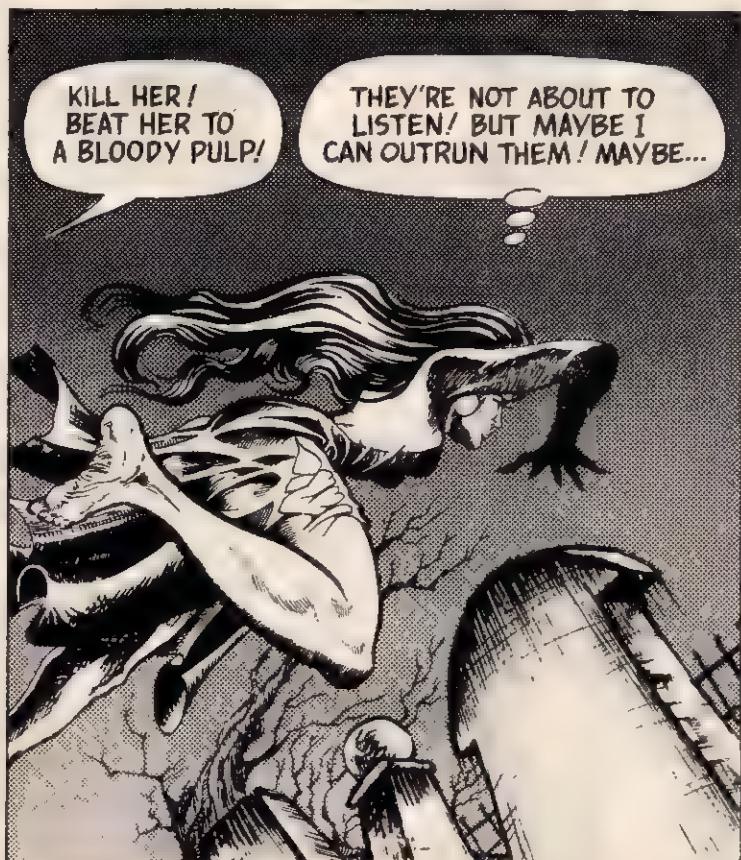
BURN HER!
CLUB HER
TO DEATH!

DON'T LET
THE GHOUl
ESCAPE!

N-NO! YOU
ARE WRONG!
I'M NOT...

KILL HER!
BEAT HER TO
A BLOODY PULP!

THEY'RE NOT ABOUT TO
LISTEN! BUT MAYBE I
CAN OUTRUN THEM! MAYBE...



QUICK, MEN!
BEFORE SHE
REACHES
THAT HOUSE!

WE'LL BURN
IT DOWN
WITH HER!

THE GIRL'S FEET TEAR AS SHE
RUNS OVER THE JAGGED
PEBBLES AND BITS OF DEBRIS!
ALREADY, HER BACK FEELS
THE HEAT OF THE TORCHES,
AND ANTICIPATES THE
POUNDING OF THE CLUBS.
THEN, THERE IS HOPE,
SALVATION, IF...

JUST AHEAD--MY ONLY CHANCE...

SUDDENLY, AROUSED
BY THE CURSES AND
BLASPHEMIES OF
THE VILLAGERS...

WHAT'S ALL THE
COMMOTION? AND...
HUUH? WHY,
WHO ARE YOU?

H-HELP ME...
PLEASE...
PLEASE...

HOLD IT RIGHT
THERE! I
DON'T KNOW
WHY YOU'RE
AFTER THIS
GIRL... BUT
IF YOU
DON'T
WANT TO
BE SHOT
DOWN,
STAY
BACK!

DON'T SHOOT...
WE CAN
EXPLAIN!

THAT...THAT
CREATURE IS
NOT A GIRL!
HER BEAUTY
IS A GUISE
TO CONCEAL
HER TRUE
EVIL NATURE!

HANS IS RIGHT! SHE IS A VERDAMMT
CREATURE THAT ROBS GRAVES!
A GHOUl!

ACH! AND TONIGHT WE CAUGHT HER
IN THE VERY ACT OF DESECRATING
A GRAVE! SHE IS NOT HUMAN!

AND SHE MUST
BE DESTROYED!
BY FIRE!

...YOU'RE INSANE! ALL
OF YOU! A BUNCH OF
MANIACS! NOW GET
BACK! THE FIRST
ONE OF YOU THAT
TRIES ANYTHING,
GETS A BULLET
THROUGH HIS BRAIN!

WHY...

THERE IS BRIEF SILENCE. THE VILLAGERS BEGIN TO MURMUR, RESUMING THEIR THREATS WITH QUIET VOICES!

YOU'VE WON FOR NOW! BUT JUST FOR NOW...

JAWOL! WE SHALL WAIT...

AND THEN... WHEN THE TIME IS RIGHT WE WILL DESTROY HER!

YOU'RE SAFE, NOW! SO YOU MIGHT AS WELL TAKE A DEEP BREATH... AND TELL ME WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT!

IF IT WILL MAKE IT ANY EASIER, MY NAME IS KENNETH HENRICKS! I'M FROM THE STATES! OK, SO TELL ME WHO YOU ARE!

I WOULD RATHER... NOT... TELL YOU MY NAME! UNDER THE CIRCUMSTANCES!



I KNOW THE OLD STORIES... A CREATURE THAT FEEDS ON CORPSES!

BUT IT'S A LIE, KENNETH! YES, I WAS CAUGHT DIGGING UP A... A GRAVE, BUT NOT FOR THE REASON EVERYONE ACCUSED ME!

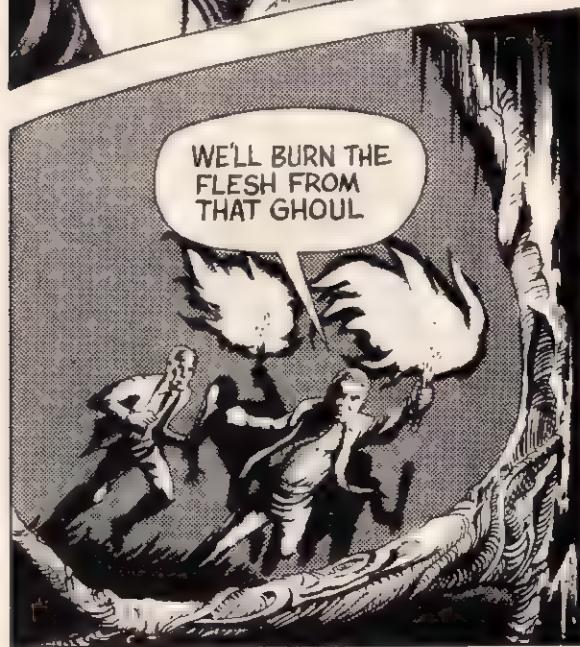
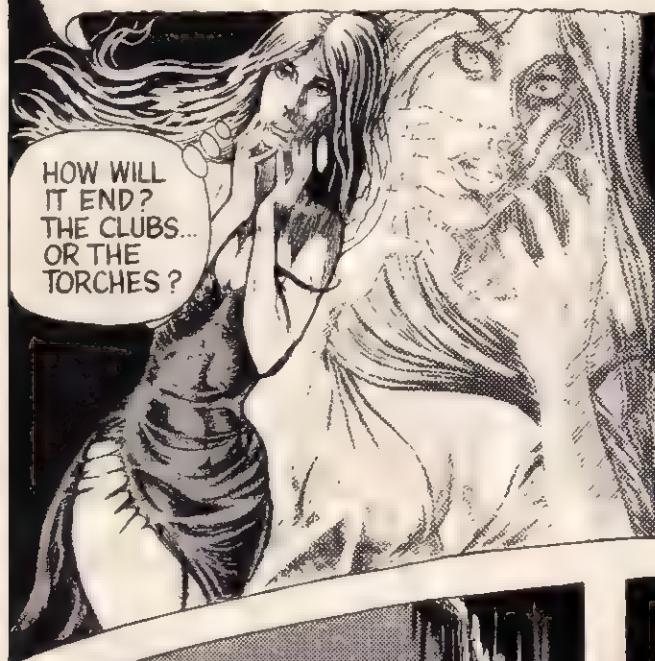


I ARRIVED IN THE TOWN ONLY YESTERDAY TO ATTEND MY BROTHER'S FUNERAL! THERE WAS SO MUCH TALK AMONG THE TOWNSPEOPLE THAT A GHoul WAS ROBBING GRAVES THAT... WELL, I HAD TO SEE, FOR MYSELF, THAT MY BROTHER'S REMAINS HAD NOT BEEN VIOLATED! THAT'S WHEN THEY CAUGHT ME... AND JUMPED TO THE OBVIOUS CONCLUSIONS!

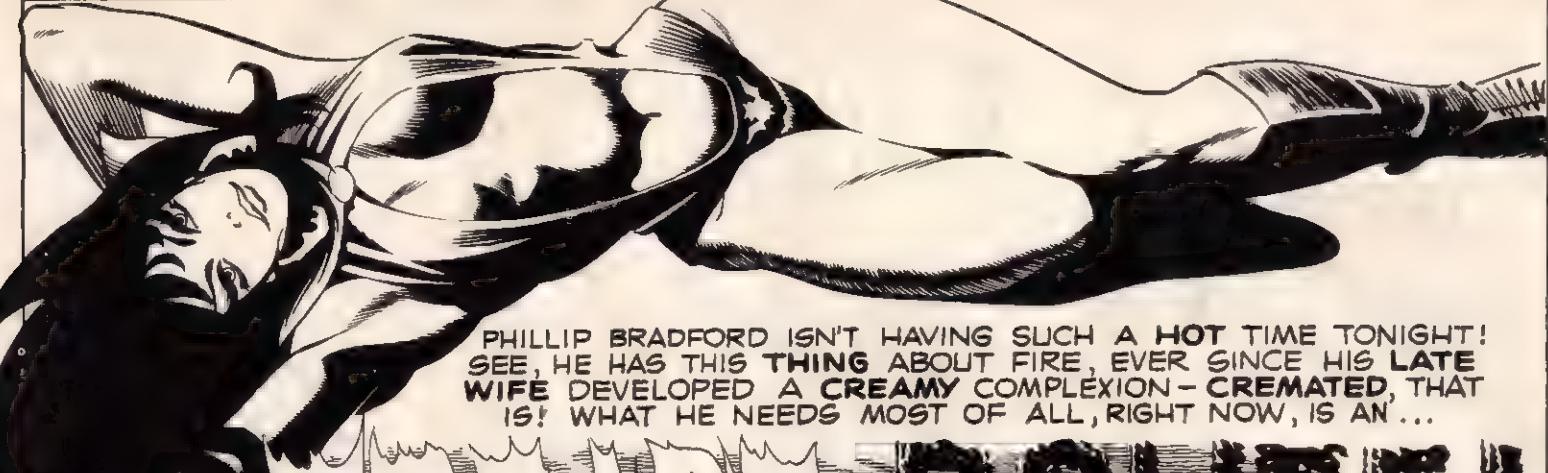




SEEING HER ONLY CHANCE TO ESCAPE NOW THWARTED, THE LOVELY GRAVE ROBBER AWAITED THE HORRIBLE DEATH BEFORE HER!







PHILLIP BRADFORD ISN'T HAVING SUCH A HOT TIME TONIGHT! SEE, HE HAS THIS THING ABOUT FIRE, EVER SINCE HIS LATE WIFE DEVELOPED A CREAMY COMPLEXION - CREMATED, THAT IS! WHAT HE NEEDS MOST OF ALL, RIGHT NOW, IS AN...

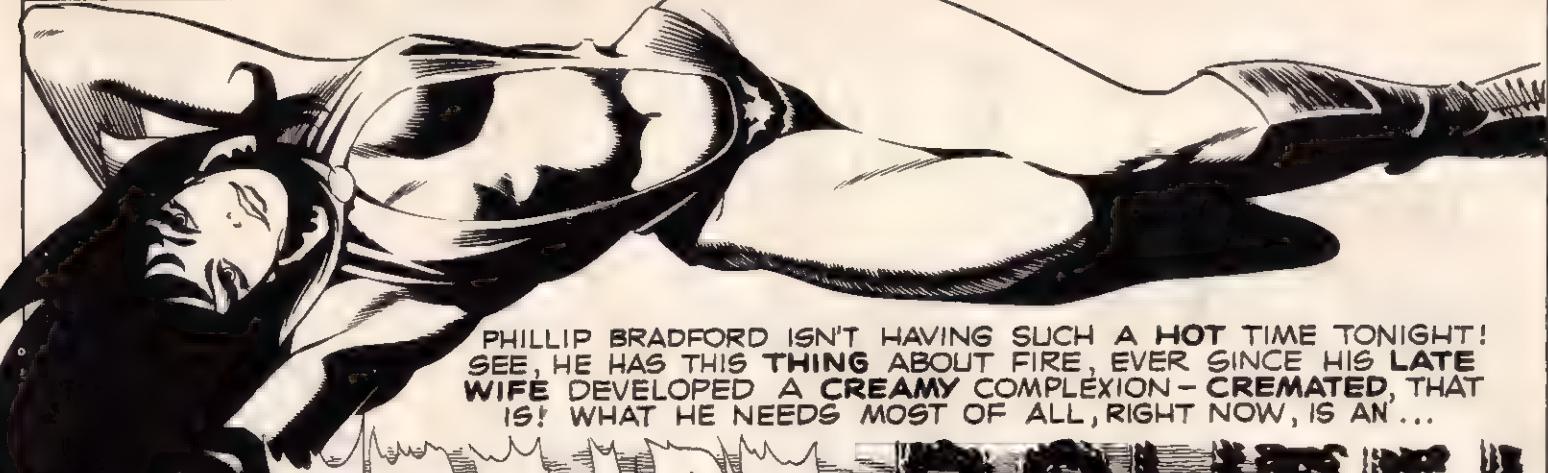
ESCAPE ROUTE!



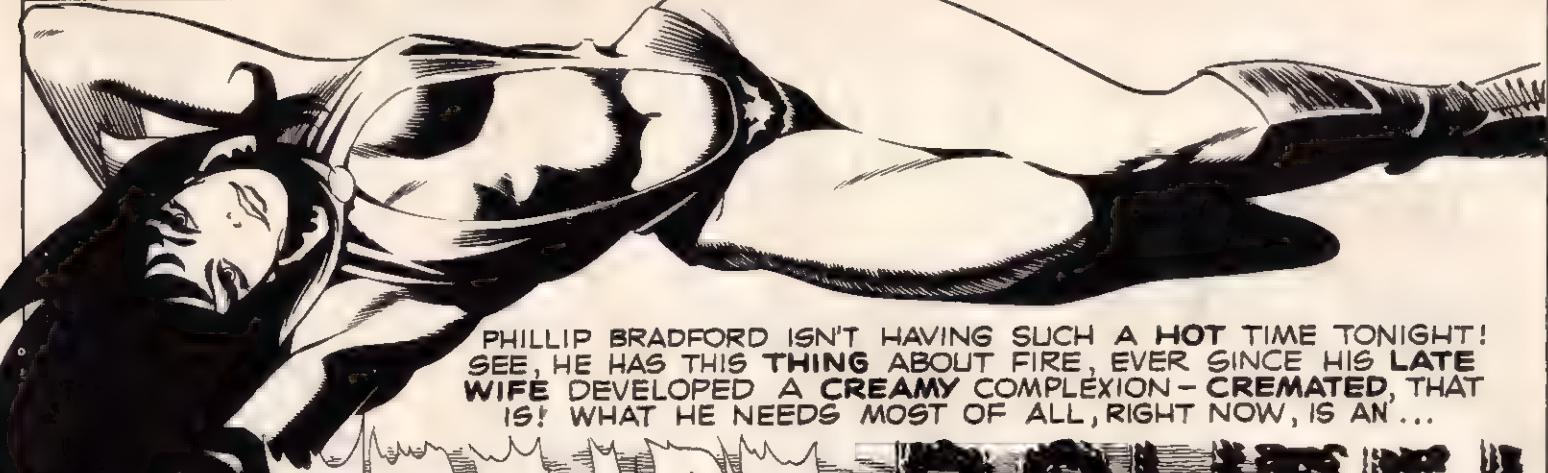
I KNOW I'M
ONLY IMAGINING
IT - BUT WHY
CAN'T I EVER
FORGET?

HE STARED INTO HIS COFFEE A MOMENT, SILENTLY, AND
WHEN HE LOOKED UP AGAIN, HIS HALLUCINATION HAD RE-
TURNED TO NORMAL. HIS HALLUCINATION WAS OVER. STILL,
THERE WERE SOME THINGS THAT WOULD NEVER BE OVER...

SHERRY! SHERRY,
MY GOD, I'M SORRY!
I'M SORRY I DIDN'T
SAVE YOU FROM
THAT FIRE...



HE FELT THE TEARS AND TRIED
DESPERATELY TO PREVENT THEM
FROM HIS CHEEKS. WHEN UNCON-
TROLLABLE SOBS BURST FORTH,
HE HOPED THE OTHERS IN THE
RESTAURANT HADN'T NOTICED...



I'M SORRY...
SORRY...
SORRY...

HE LIT A CIGARETTE,
THEN WATCHED THE
MATCH'S FLAME SLOWLY
MAKE ITS WAY TOWARD
THE TIPS OF HIS
THUMB AND FOREFINGER...



SHERRY HAD TO
BURN - BECAUSE
OF ME!



WEAKNESS PASSED
THROUGH HIM, AND
HE REMAINED
SILENT AND HELPLESS.
HIS MIND TURNED
BACK ITS PAGES
REMEMBERING THE
DAY OF HIS WIFE'S
DEATH AS PERHAPS
A MILLION TIMES
BEFORE...



HE HAD RETURNED LATE FROM WORK. HE KNEW SHERRY WAS INSIDE...



BUT THE FLAMES HAD BEEN SO HOT; SEARING HIS FACE!



YOU CAN'T GO IN THERE, MAN!



IT WAS USELESS...



HE'D WATCHED AS THE BURNING HOUSE FINALLY COLLAPSED... WITH SHERRY STILL INSIDE!



FIRE!

EVERYBODY OUT!
THE BUILDING'S
ON FIRE!

EMPLOYEE
ONLY

GOT TO
GET OUT
OF HERE!

EMPLOYEE



THERE'S FIRE
ALL AROUND
ME IN HERE!

GASP!

IT'S LIKE
AN
OVEN!

PHILLIP!
PHILLIP! HELP
ME!

THAT
VOICE!

PHILLIP!
PHILLIP!
HELP!

SHERRY'S
VOICE! SHE'S
CALLING
FOR
HELP!



HE RAN LIKE A MADMAN TOWARD
THE SOUND OF HER VOICE,
IGNORING THE FLAMES, THINK-
ING ONLY THAT PERHAPS HE'D
BEEN GRANTED A SECOND CHANCE!

I'M
COMING,
SHERRY!
I'M
COMING!

SUDDENLY;
TWO
FIREMEN
APPEAR ...

C'MON,
BUDDY!

YOU'VE GOT
TO GET
OUT OF
HERE!

3

NOT THIS
TIME!

YOU WON'T
STOP ME
THIS TIME!

THOK!

OH PHILLIP!
I'M SO GLAD
YOU'RE
HERE!

SHERRY! I'VE
FOUND YOU!



REALLY A
BAD ONE,
EH?



EVERYBODY GOT OUT EXCEPT HIM!

YEAH,
TOO BAD
ABOUT
THAT
ONE!



HE KEPT YELLING SOMETHING ABOUT A GIRL-

YEA!
SHERRY SOMEBODY... WEIRD!

WONDER WHAT GOT INTO HIM, ANYWAY?

LOOKS LIKE POOR PHILLIP GOT ALL FIRED UP OVER NOTHING, EH?

MIKE RIVER

OH WELL,
MAYBE NOT... WHO KNOWS?



monster world

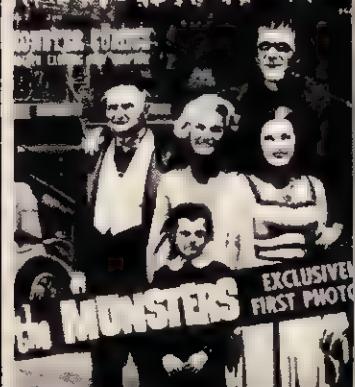
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SEE:
YARLOFF'S
NEWEST
HORROR
PICTURE!

SEE:
GHOULION
MONSTERS
FROM ALL
HAMMER
FLIMS!

SEE:
BEA LUCAS
IN BRIDE OF
THE MONSTER.

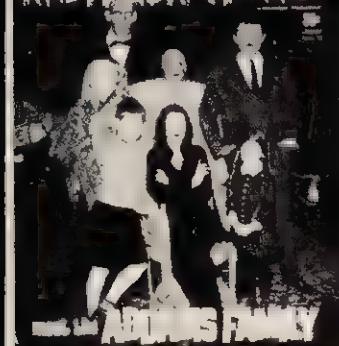
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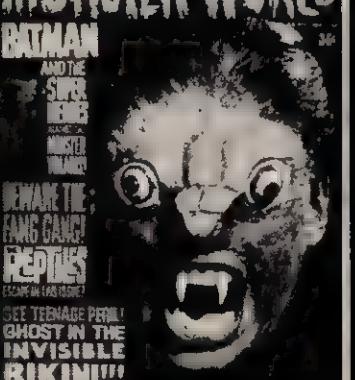
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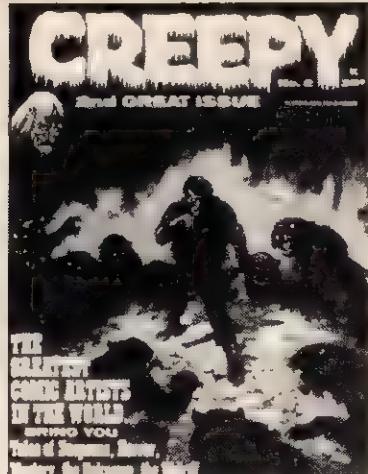
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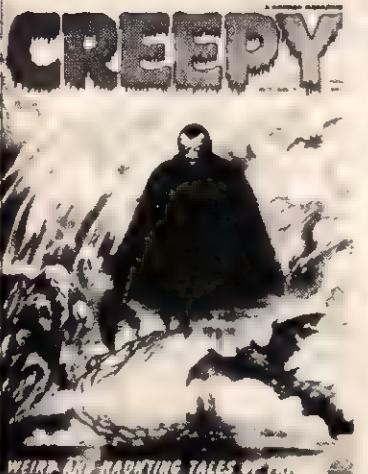
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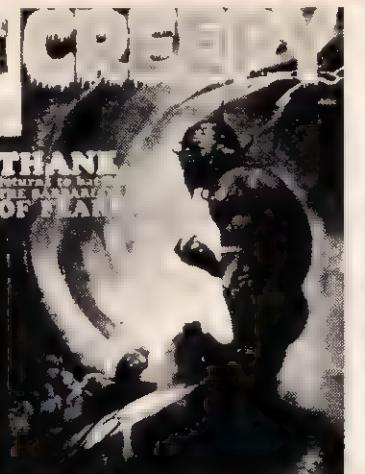
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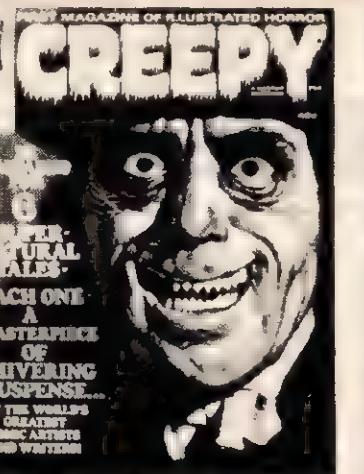
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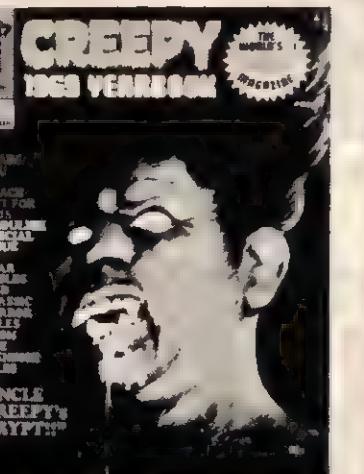
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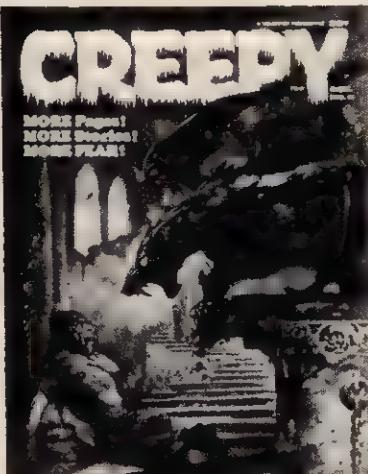
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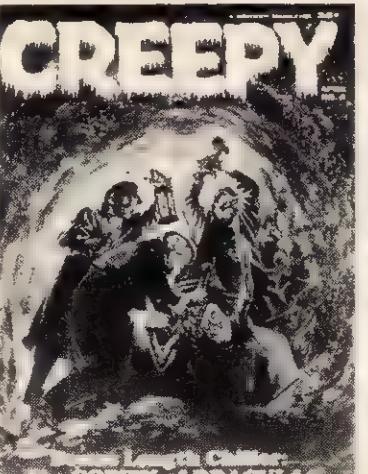
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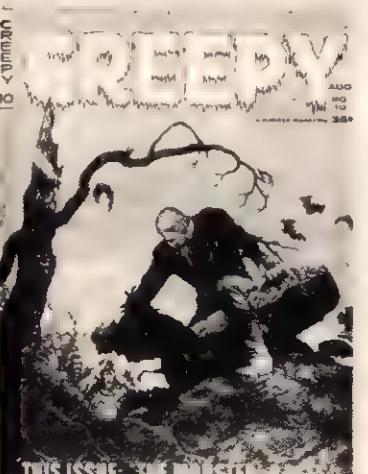
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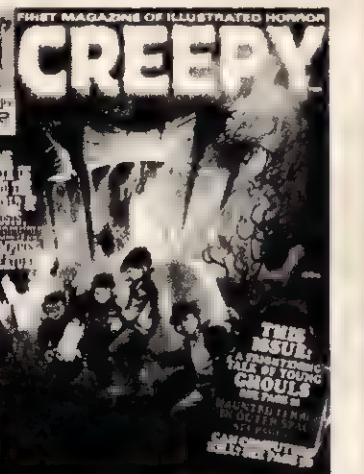
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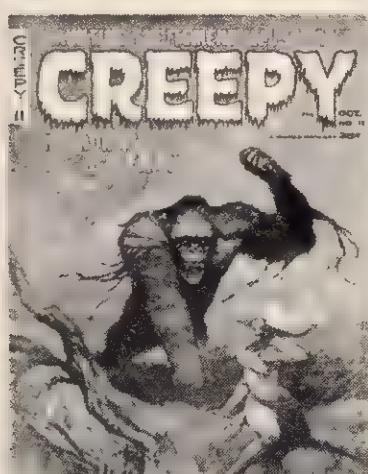
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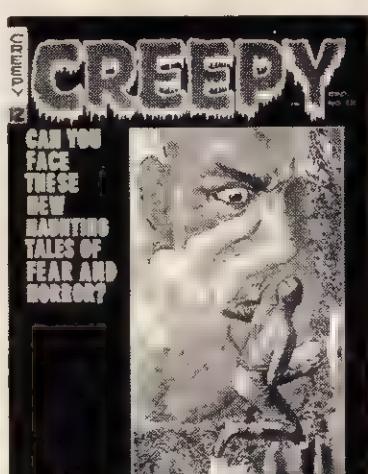
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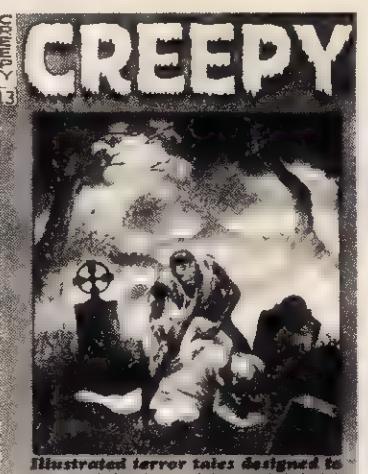
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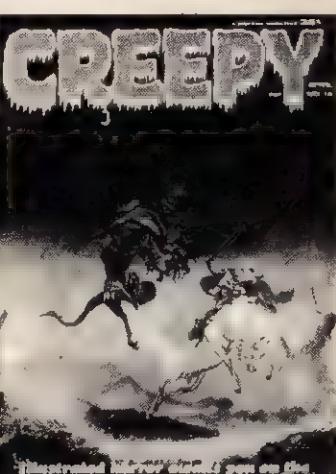
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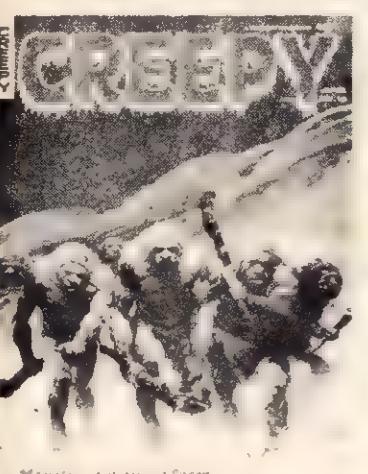
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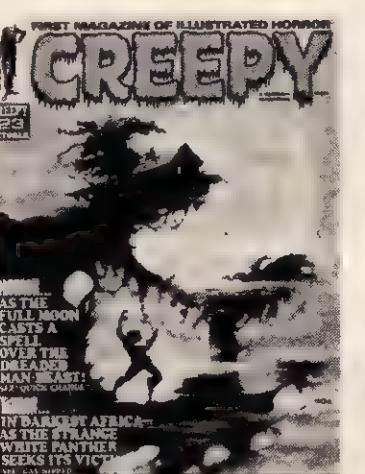
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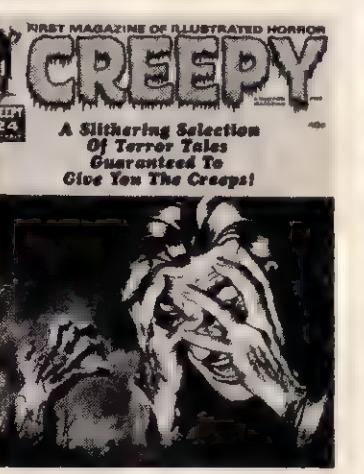
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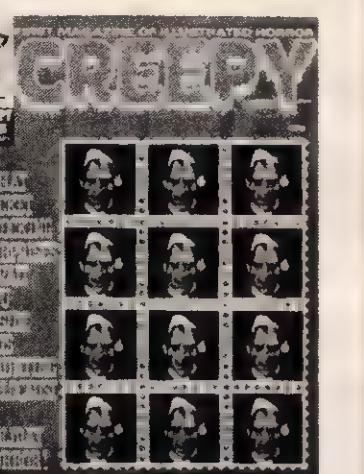
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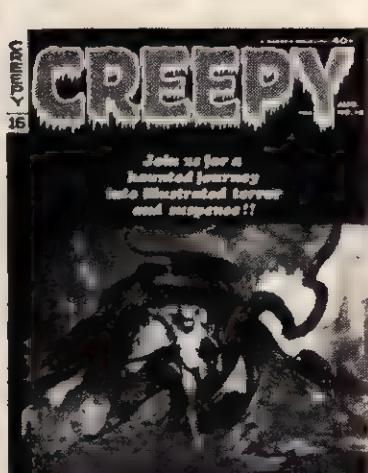
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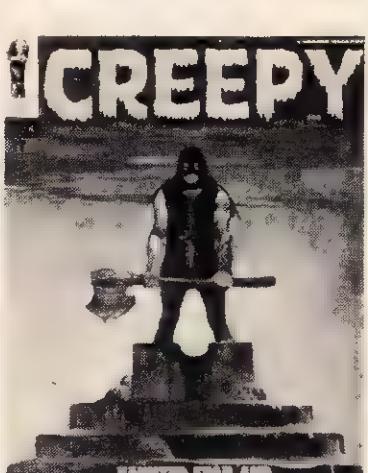
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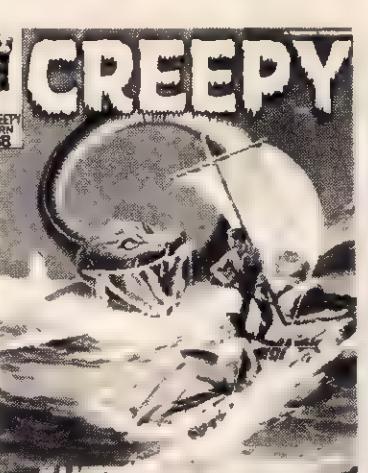
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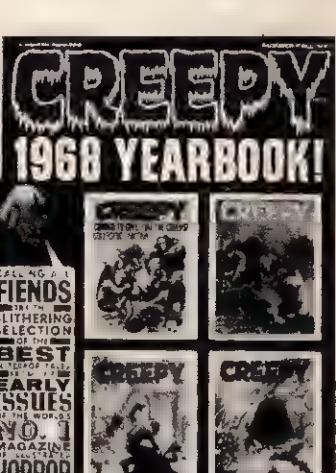
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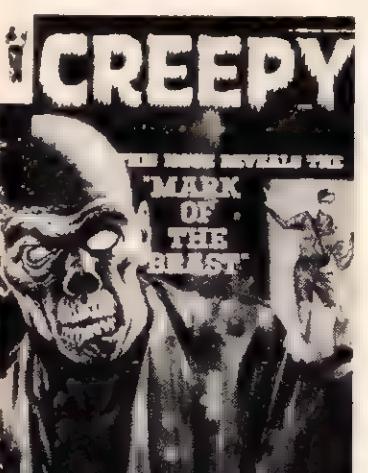
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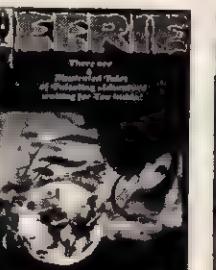
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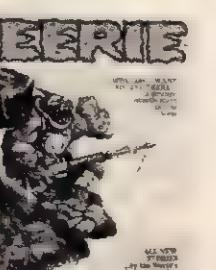
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FOR THOSE OF YOU
MOON-FOONS WHO MISSED
THIS HISTORIC LANDING ON
SKELEVISION, SIT BACK
AND STARE AT WHAT
REALLY HAPPENED ON...

"LUNA"

"TRANQUILITY BASE HERE!
THE EAGLE HAS LANDED!" THERE IS AN
ALMOST ETERNAL INTERLUDE AS THE
EARTH CRAFT RESTS ON THE LUNAR
SURFACE, BRING THE APOLLO 11 MISSION
TO ITS HALFWAY POINT! AFTER SEEMINGLY
ENDLESS HOURS PASS, A HATCH OPENS!

THAT'S ONE SMALL
STEP FOR MAN--
ONE GIANT STEP
FOR MANKIND!

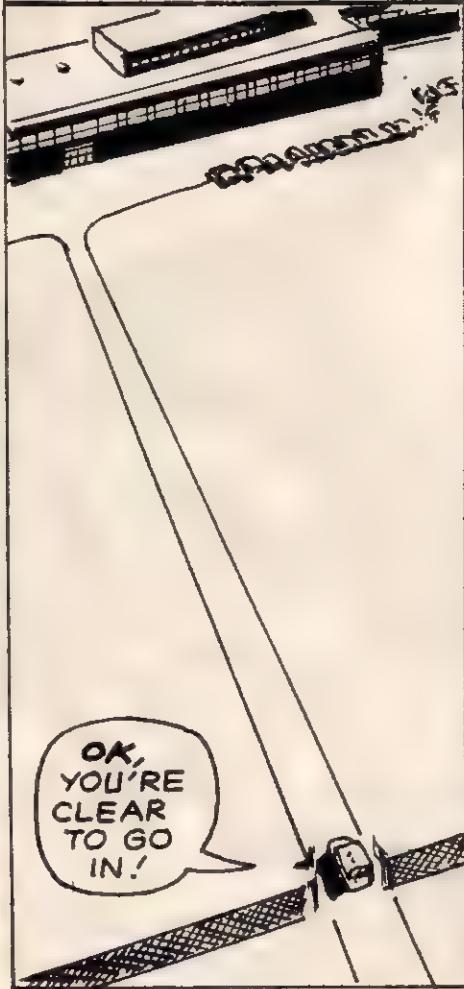
ON THE MOON, BOTH EXCITEMENT AND DUTY WHILE
ONE OF EARTH'S HEROES AMUSES HIMSELF BY
LEAPING ABOUT THE SPHERE'S ONE-SIXTH
GRAVITY...

...THE OTHER ASTRONAUT SCOOPS UP THE
DOCUMENTED ROCK SAMPLES THAT WILL BE
STUDIED BACK ON EARTH! IT IS WITH THIS
PRICELESS SAMPLING THAT OUR STORY BEGINS...

THE ASTRONAUTS HAVE BEEN BACK ON THEIR WORLD FOR SOME TIME! DURING THAT TIME, THE EXCITEMENT OF THE FIRST MEN TO SET FOOT UPON LUNA HAS DWINDLED! HOWEVER, AT ONE PLACE ON EARTH, THEIR MISSION WILL PRODUCE EVEN GREATER EFFECTS!



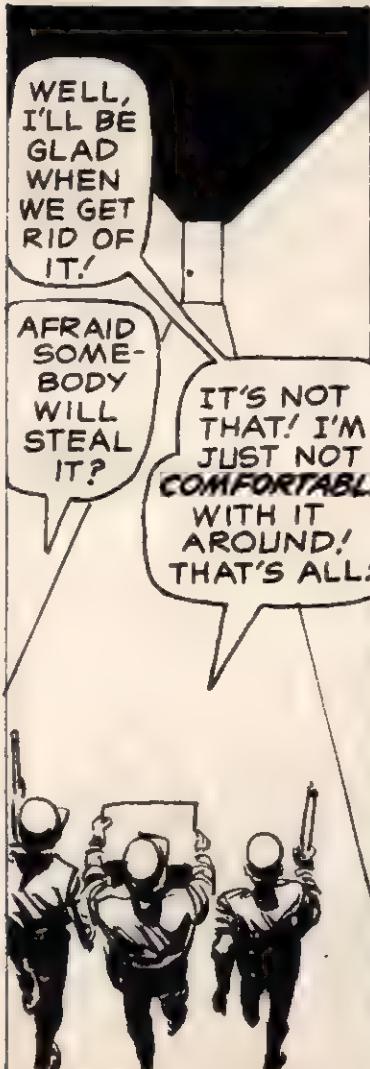
THAT PLACE: ONE OF OUR LARGEST GEOLOGICAL INSTITUTES!



THEY SURE ARE GOING THROUGH A LOT OF TROUBLE TO KEEP THIS STUFF OUT OF ANYBODY ELSE'S HANDS!



THIS... STUFF AS YOU CALL IT... IS A COLLECTION OF ROCKS BROUGHT BACK BY THE ASTRONAUTS FROM THE MOON! SCIENTIFICALLY INVALUABLE!



AH!

DR. GLUCKSON... HERE ARE YOUR SAMPLES!

WELL, I'LL BE GLAD WHEN WE GET RID OF IT!

AFRAID SOMEBODY WILL STEAL IT?

IT'S NOT THAT! I'M JUST NOT COMFORTABLE WITH IT AROUND! THAT'S ALL!

THANK-YOU GENTLEMEN! THAT'LL BE ALL!



DR. DANIELS,
HERE IT IS! IT'S
ALMOST
ACTUAL
SAMPLES
OF THE
MOON'S
SURFACE!

TOO
INcredible
TO
BELIEVE!

YES! BUT WE HAVE
NO TIME FOR
DREAMING NOW!
WE'VE GOT SOME...
ANALYZING OF
THESE SPECI-
MENS TO DO!
UNLOCK
THE
CONTAINER!

THE KEY TURNS...
THERE IS A FAINT
CLICK... AND DR.
GLUCKSON OPENS
THE LID...

DR. GLUCKSON WASTES
NO TIME IN SELECTING
ONE OF THE MINERAL
SAMPLES! WITH
PAINSTAKING CARE,
THE SCIENTIST
BEGINS SCRAPING
AWAY A FRAGMENT
OF LUNAR STONE...

THERE!
I THINK OF IT!
IN OUR HANDS,
MINERALS
TAKEN FROM
ANOTHER WORLD!

THERE! THAT SHOULD
HOLD IT ON THE SLIDE
ALL RIGHT! NOW DR.
DANIELS, THE
MICROSCOPE

NOW FOR A BETTER FOCUS
AND... GOOD GRIEF! THIS
IS SHEER LUNACY! THIS
JUST CAN'T BE RIGHT!

DR. GLUCKSON!
WHAT DO YOU
SEE?

HERE, DANIELS! TAKE
A LOOK FOR YOURSELF!
TELL ME THAT I'M...
JUST HALLUCINATING!

WITH BOTH ANXIETY
AND CAUTION,
DR. DANIELS
SQUINTS INTO THE
EYEPiece OF THE
MICROSCOPE... THEN
HIS EYES SNAP! HE
REFOCUSES TO
INSURE AGAINST
A MISTAKE OF
OPTICS...

GOOD
LORD!





"OUR WORLD HAD A COMFORTABLE ATMOSPHERE... LUSH FOLIAGE AND MUCH FOOD AND NATURAL DRINK! THE TECHNOLOGICAL STATE WE HAD REACHED, FAR SURPASSED ANYTHING ON YOUR WORLD!"



"...DRYING UP ALL OUR MOISTURE, DEHYDRATING OUR BODY SYSTEMS, WIPING AWAY ALL ATMOSPHERE! DAY BY DAY OUR PEOPLE BELIEVED EXTINCTION INEVITABLE!"

"BUT EVIL MEN WHO WANTED TO EITHER CONTROL THEIR WORLD... OR DESTROY IT, BROUGHT HOLOCAUST TO MY WORLD! RADIATION SOON SPREAD THROUGHOUT OUR ATMOSPHERE..."



"MY CRYSTAL WAS APPARENTLY IN THE SAMPLE OF ROCKS BROUGHT BACK TO EARTH! WHEN YOU ADDED THE DROP OF WATER TO THE MICROSCOPE SLIDE, THE MOISTURE RESTORED ME TO MY PROPER SIZE!"



"OUR SURVIVING SCIENTISTS EXPLODED ANOTHER BOMB... ONE THAT ACTED UPON THE RESULTS OF THE FIRST, STEPPING UP THE DEHYDRATION SO THAT ALL LIFE ON THE MOON WOULD BE REDUCED TO TINY SOLID CRYSTALS! WE WERE SAVED FROM DOOM!"



"UTTERLY AMAZING!"

I'M AFRAID THIS
HAS ALL BEEN
A TERRIBLE
STRAIN... AND
I'M GOING TO
NEED
ANOTHER
PILL!

DOCTOR! WATCH
IT! YOU'LL SPILL
THE WATER!

OH, THERE
I DID IT!
SPILLED
WATER
ON THE
OTHER
SAMPLES!

WHAT?
THERE ARE
MORE SAMPLES?
AND YOU MADE
THEM WET?

I'M
AFRAID
SO!

YOU DO NOT UNDERSTAND! WHEN I
TOLD YOU THAT ALL REMAINING
LIFE ON OUR WORLD MET
DEHYDRATION INTO THOSE CRYSTALS,
I MEANT ALL LIFE!

THE UNCIVILIZED AREAS OF OUR WORLD WERE
INHABITED BY THINGS CAPABLE OF WIPING OUT
ALL LUNAR LIFE, IF NOT FOR OUR CITIES' FORCE
FIELDS! MONSTERS... ENORMOUS,
VISCIOUS, AND...

AND
HUNGRY!

SEE WHAT HAPPENS
WHEN YOU MOON OVER
SOME UNREACHABLE
FOREIGN CHICK? JUST
BE THANKFUL IT WASN'T
A BATCH OF **BUGS**
OUR SPACE-BOYS
BROUGHT BACK!
WOULDN'T IT BE A
DRAG IF OLD MOM
EARTH SUFFERED AN
INVASION OF...

LUNA-TICKS?



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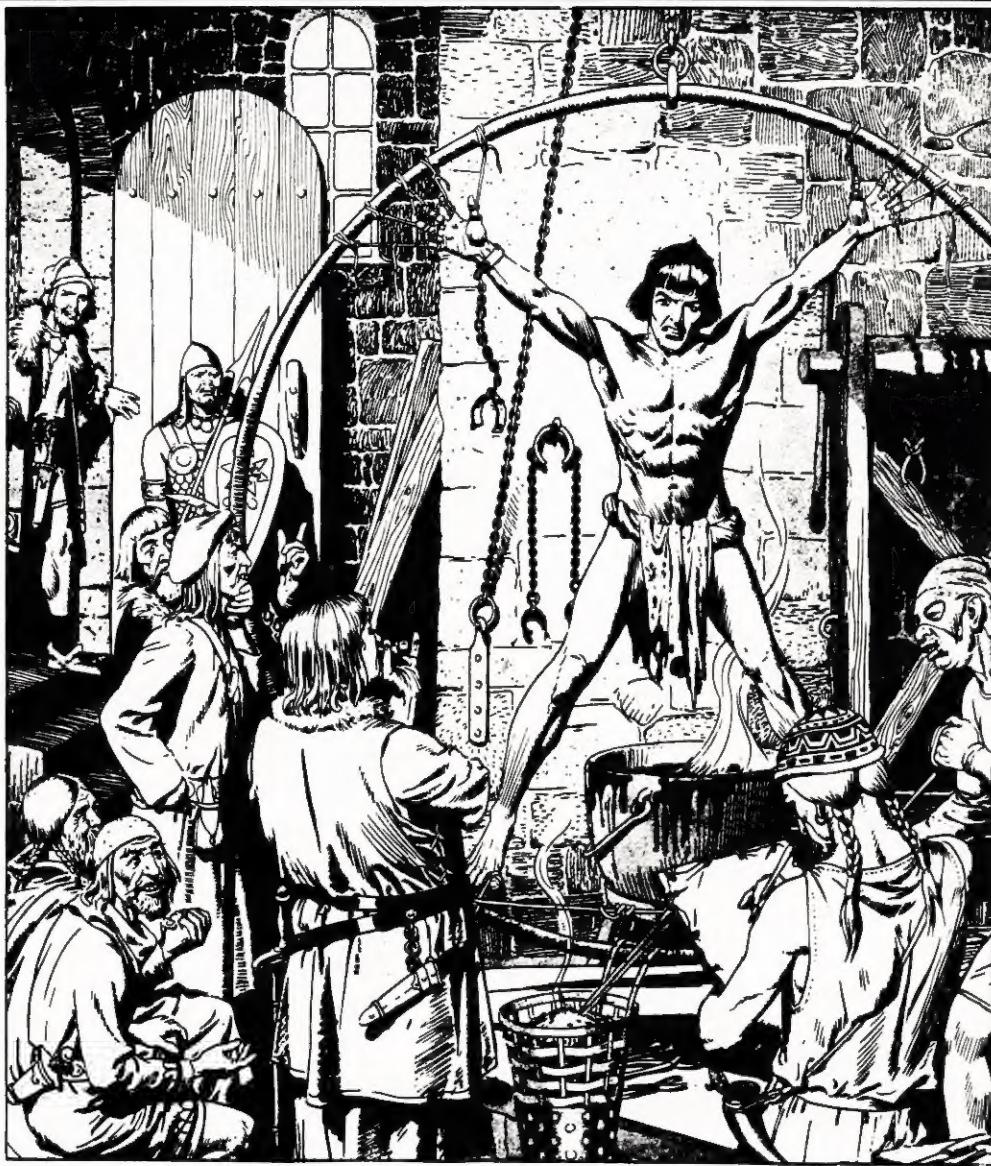
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